

"The Little Man from Chicago"





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WILBUR FISKE MEMINGER.

“The Little Man from Chicago”

**The Life Story of
Wilbur F. Meminger**

BY HIS WIFE.

**ALLIANCE PRESS COMPANY
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PREFACE.

The following memoir we believe needs no introduction, but, like its subject, is able to speak for itself. It has been said of the greatest modern biography, Boswell's life of Johnson, that its charm consists in the fact that he did not attempt to say anything, but simply let the hero do all the speaking himself. The writer of the following memoir is glad to be able to hide behind an array of facts that need comparatively little editing. The only thing, perhaps, that needs explanation is the singular title. To those who knew Wilbur Meminger no such explanation is necessary, for the phrase was so often on his lips that it seemed to fit the man as nothing else could.

The origin of the expression is connected with the introduction to his great work in Chicago as superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Suddenly introduced in a great convention as their superintendent, he so deeply realized the vastness of the responsibility and his own insufficiency, that for a little he sank under the weight of the burden and asked to be excused from even speaking until he had a little time to recover his breath.

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Then the intense realization of the greatness of the work and the smallness of the man took such possession of him that ever afterwards he described himself as "the little man from Chicago." It was not an affectation or a phrase with him; but a genuine spirit of self-abasement like that of the great apostle whom he loved so closely to follow, and he took the name of "Paul the Little" because he really felt that He had not only been "the chief of sinners," but that he was "less than the least of all saints."

But we are quite sure that after our readers have finished his life story they will have a new revelation of the Master's words "The last shall be first; he that will be chief among you let him be the servant of all." In a very real and unique way Wilbur Meminger was truly a great life and his passing has left a lasting void.

A. B. SIMPSON.

INTRODUCTION.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth! Yea, saith the Spirit: That they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

This seems to be the only instance where the word "die" is used of saints in the New Testament, after the resurrection of our Lord. He "*abolished death and brought life and immortality to light*," and "from henceforth" we have such expressions as Stephen "fell asleep"; Paul, "absent from the body, present with the Lord." Peter, "put off this tabernacle."

Not only so, but those who "live Christ" and "die in the Lord," "rest from their *labors*; but their *works* follow them." The labors—"trying toils"—cease, but the works—fruitful activities—continue after one has passed on "to be with Christ."

When Wilbur Fisk Meminger died in the Lord, as in Him he lived, his active life and devoted service did not cease—*his works do follow*. The Lord of the harvest still delights to use him as one of His "harvest hands,"

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as he often was wont to say, “to cut a swath in His harvest field.” And could we see it as God sees, we might find that the work and witness of our beloved brother and fellow-laborer are more extensive and fruitful than when he wrought in his earthly tabernacle.

The compilation and circulation of this memoir, by his wife, is for the glory of God, in multiplying and perpetuating the testimony and triumph of our brother’s beautiful career of godliness and usefulness. During most of the time covered by his service in connection with the Christian and Missionary Alliance, Mrs. Meminger accompanied her husband in his campaigns of conventions in various parts of the United States and Canada, and was truly a helpmate to him in all his labors. It is, therefore, fitting that she be thus identified with the continuation of his ministry—“the works that follow”—in sending forth this volume to inspire and encourage others in the way of righteousness and fruitfulness.

The father of Wilbur Meminger was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of marked piety, whose stately form and solemn, but stirring sermons, are among my

early recollections. The father's brother, "Uncle John," with his wife, is still living, past four score years old; a man of sterling uprightness, a leading layman in the church for most of his long life, and has a son who is in the ministry. They were neighbors of ours in Pennsylvania for many years, now living in Oregon, where it was my privilege to visit them some weeks ago and talk over past events, the most sacred and touching one being the departure of Wilbur to be with the Lord.

My acquaintance with Wilbur F. Meminger dates from about 1892, shortly after we (Mrs. Senft and myself) opened a full gospel work in Altoona, Pa., which was afterwards organized as one of the first Alliance branches in Pennsylvania. Elsewhere in this memoir, brief mention is made of what transpired during those early days of our association with him.

Living in Tyrone, only fourteen miles from Altoona, Mr. Meminger, with others, often met with us in our meetings, and he would never shrink from giving a message or witnessing, with a clear note and sonorous voice, to the grace and power of God, while at the same time he was humble and

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teachable, learning the way of life more perfectly, especially along the lines of the gospel for the body and the gospel of the Kingdom. Soon regular meetings were opened in Tyrone. Thus our dear brother, still in business and active in the Methodist Episcopal Church, yet loyally standing by the Alliance meetings, was being prepared for the busy and blessed years of service that followed.

His striking and sound conversion, following real Bible conviction, the clear-cut experience of a second work of grace, sanctification, which led to a thorough consecration of his life to God for service, set on fire by the Holy Spirit for souls and his wide and successful evangelistic ministry, prepared him for the deepening and mellowing influences of the Alliance fellowship, which more fully equipped him for the wider work of his remaining years.

No printed volumes of sermons have been left by this gifted servant of God, but his unique, stirring and Scriptural messages, with outbursts of inspiring and inimitable eloquence, like the rolling thunder and the flash of lightning, and again as gentle and

tender as the morning dew,—who can forget them?

One of his last addresses given in the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, during the convention, was on the text, "Which things the angels desire to look into" (I. Peter i. 12). It was marked by the unction of the Spirit and given in his characteristic manner, only with a deeper pathos, power and tenderness, as he depicted the love of God, the scenes of Calvary and the mysteries of Redemption, revealed and made real to the penitent and believing sinner—"which things the angels desire to look into."

The blessing and beauty of the Lord was to this man of God the cause and necessary condition of his faithful and fruitful service. This is the thought of the Psalmist:

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands."

This record is earnestly recommended to the many friends of our fellow servant, with the prayer that the reading of it shall stimulate many of God's children to live and labor for the speedy coming of the Bridegroom when the sevenfold promise shall be fulfilled:

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“And there shall be no more curse;
But the throne of God and the Lamb shall
 be in it;
And His servants shall serve Him;
And they shall see His face;
And His name shall be in their foreheads.
And there shall be no night there;
And they shall reign forever and ever.”

—Revelation xxii. 3-5.

FREDERICK HERBERT SENFT.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 12, 1910.



WILBUR MEMINGER,
AGE 16 MONTHS.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BOYHOOD.

T seems to be a law of nature that back of every effect we find a cause; so it is but natural to trace the ancestry back of every son of genius.

Wilbur Fisk Meminger was born in Hedgesville, Va., April 29th, 1851.

Back of Wilbur Meminger was a father, William McKean Meminger, who was an intellectual giant, a man of deep spirituality. A Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholar he was ever ready to give his children instruction. He was of colonial descent, Thomas McKean being a relative, and others of Puritan stock. He was a minister for over forty years, and his great success in the church was no doubt due in part to the fact that his pulpit life and his home life were in perfect harmony. The records show that four thousand souls were won to Christ by him.

William Meminger married Rebecca Watts. Born and reared in Virginia she had the soft voice, sweet manner and winning personality of the Virginians. Al-

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though educated in the best schools she was a home-loving woman, and here she appeared at her best. Her father, Rev. James Watts, was a pioneer preacher, a scholar, a poet, a descendant of Isaac Watts, the author of many hymns. He was also an intimate friend and helper of Francis Asbury.

Five children were born to the couple, two boys and three girls, and coming from Methodist ancestors it was not strange that they should name their firstborn Wilbur Fisk after one of the most godly and highly cultured ministers of the church, Rev. Wilbur Fisk, D.D., President of the Wesleyan University.

Sarah Meminger Heaton, a sister to Wilbur, in recalling their childhood days, says:

“The first recollections of my brother are at our home in Middletown, Md. The house was a long rambling one, with wide porches, where he and I rode horse back and went fishing, in our imagination. Rev. E. J. Gray, D.D., then a young man, made his home with us and added no little to our pleasure with his stories of Joseph, David and of Paul. ‘Six days shalt thou labor’ was the rule taught and lived at this Methodist home, and on Sunday all toys and working

tools were put aside. Brother in his best suit, we girls in our crimson merinos went to service, as the baby kept mother at home. After dinner 'The Ladies' Repository,' with its wonderful engravings, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with its Doubting Castle, and 'The Story of the Bible' made the afternoons a delight.

"As I look back upon those peaceful Sabbaths I see through the mists of years father, mother, brother and sister about the fireplace holding family worship. After reading the Scripture we arose and sang one of the sweet old hymns, our childish treble mingling with the deeper tones of father and brother.

"As a student Wilbur attended the best schools, where he developed a rather extraordinary talent for oratory and elocution. Nothing pleased us more than to have him recite in the evenings. One of our favorites was Edgar Allan Poe's 'Raven.' So thrilling and real were his portrayal that we looked above the door expecting to see the unwelcome visitor. We vigorously applauded 'Bingen on the Rhine,' 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and others.

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“The following was an essay written by him at the age of nine or ten:

“‘THE FOURTH OF JULY.

“On this day the American Eagle soared aloft. This day I think is worthy to be the first day of the year, it matters not in what immediate month such an illustrious day comes. The Declaration of the Independence of the United States was declared. It is hardly worth while to mention the names of the signers of this Declaration, but I will merely state that I was not fortunate enough to sign it. I always celebrate it by staying out of school and getting behind in my classes, so you see I make some sacrifice.

“I think the President should take his seat on this illustrious day. We, the citizens, should give three or four cheers extra; we should have an extra dinner and an extra session of Sunday school in the afternoon, and build bonfires all night, give three or four cheers for that great man, the Father of his Country, George Washington. Every family should hang out a flag or two, or if they can’t afford that they should give three or four cheers for the Fourth of July. It is best not to call anything to raise your spir-



WILLIAM MEMINGER AND WIFE.



its, lest you get them too high. I have seen people whose spirits were rather too high on such occasions.

“After having exhorted you to be patriotic, but sober, I will close by saying three or four cheers for the Fourth of July.

“WILBUR F. MEMINGER.”

“The following was a farewell address written by him at the age of sixteen when leaving the Bel Air Academy, Maryland.

“FAREWELL ADDRESS BY W. F. MEMINGER.

“Honored Teacher:

“Time’s rolling stream is ever bearing us onward. The time has come, at last, when I must bid you a final farewell.

“As I gaze upon your countenance, which has become so familiar to me, a flood tide of emotion sweeps over my saddened heart. Must I say farewell to you, my more than teacher? You have honored me with your friendship, and I feel a debt of gratitude for your counsel, confidence, and affectionate instruction, which words cannot express. The endearing relations which we have mutually sustained must now be severed. You have labored unceasingly to promote my greatest good, and highest happy-

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ness, and from my grateful heart, I thank you. May you be abundantly rewarded in this life, and in that which is to come.

“‘Beloved Schoolmates :

“‘Sad indeed are the partings which separate us, and send us forth by different pathways into the great thoroughfares of life. We have journeyed together pleasantly during my stay in Bel Air, and ere we part, I would say to you, Be encouraged by past experience to press onward through every varying hour. The path which lies before you may be difficult of ascent; and should you grow weary by the way, should the inspiring “Excelsior” falter on your lips, lift up your eyes, and gather strength to go forward, for the treasures which are found only at the summit. There is a long path to be trodden, and many shadows will gather over it, but journey not through this beautiful world, with your eyes closed to its sweet, inspiring influences.

“‘Turn not wearily away from the present, looking forward to the days to come; but improve each passing moment, so that you will have no cause for regret in after life for having wasted your golden moments.

"‘My hope and my prayer shall be, that you may succeed in every department of study, and reflect honor on whatever institution you may be connected with.

"‘Lovingly and hopefully I say farewell. May heaven bless you all. Farewell.’

"In the backyard of our house was a large spring, quite deep. One day as I was sailing boats of paper, I plunged in; brother heard the splash and came running, caught me as I was sinking again and carried me to mother. Every one remarked on the great presence of mind he had shown, though quite young, and I felt proud of my brave elder brother who had saved my life.

"From Middletown the family moved to Liberty, Md. Already the mutterings of war were heard; many were the discussions held by the leading men of the town, as to the best measures to be pursued. The first shot which smote the side of Fort Sumter, echoed from shore to shore, and wakened the patriotism of many a soul. The lad Wilbur, at the age of twelve, felt his blood stirred. With heart glowing with bravery, and his young mind alive with the splendid thought of fighting for his country, he and a

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boy friend left home and offered themselves as soldiers for the Union. Of course, being so young they were rejected, but in a kindly way, and were sent home. Often in later life when referring to this incident in a sermon, he would say, ‘I did not feel near so brave when I marched into my father’s study to settle accounts for leaving home, for he believed like Solomon to spare the rod was to spoil the child. So, while I had hoped to carry the flag it was in a different way; but I certainly wore black and blue stripes for several days after the surrender in the study.’ Nevertheless this showed the resolve and courage, and the large aim of this boy. It was not a childish excitement, but aroused principles; and just as the voice of suffering ones called to him from the South, where the soil was drenched with blood, and nameless graves were scattered; so, in later years, the voice of sin-sick souls called to him from the city, the cabin, the dark den of sin, as well as from the homes of the rich and cultured, until his voice had been heard in every State of the Union save one, and his influence had built up places of worship in this and foreign lands.

“Another incident which shows the moral



WILBUR MEMINGER,
AGE 12 YEARS.

fibre and innate nobility of the youth occurred soon after this. The itinerant wheel in its revolution had sent the family to Westminster, Md., not far from Baltimore, and troops were passing through constantly. It was a well-known fact that at the Methodist parsonage soldiers were fed and cared for. The soldiers were passing through one day and one of them asked the bright eyed preacher's son to go to the hotel near by and get his canteen filled with liquor, at the same time handing him a ten dollar bill and adding, 'Keep what is left.' Looking up into his face the boy said, 'Sir, I cannot do it; it would be wrong; but my mother has good hot soup ready for you.' In a few moments he had placed a bowl of steaming soup into the hands of the half sick soldier who ate it with a relish. A hearty 'Thank you' was reward enough, but when the soldier said, 'I'll send this money home,' Wilbur felt happy indeed.

"So when owing to his great popularity years afterward he was urged to come to the front in the political circle of his city, he felt he could not conscientiously do so, but preferred the reward of a humble evangelist whose going to and fro were the move-

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ments of God's own loom and shuttle as he wove the fabrics of surrendered lives.”

Wilbur had a cousin whom he loved dearly. They were nearly the same age. This cousin, now the Rev. James Watts Shoaff, is a Presiding Elder in the California Methodist Conference South. Just a few months prior to his home call Wilbur Meminger visited this cousin and together they went over the scenes of their boyhood. They loved each other dearly and in recalling some of their boyhood days Mr. Shoaff writes:

“My sainted cousin, Rev. Wilbur F. Meminger, came into this world just one year before the writer. In babyhood and childhood we were much together. Never were two boys more completely mated. Such a thing as a quarrel was never known between us. We had much that was in common. We were the grandsons of one of the early Methodist preachers of the Baltimore Conference, the Rev. James Watts. We were both the sons of Methodist preachers and were proud to be recognized as such. Wilbur was the soul of honor and frankness. He was as pure as the morning air. He was as full of fun as a luscious

orange is full of juice, and as generous as a mountain stream. He would never keep the larger portion for himself. He would divide what he had with his playmates with a royal generosity. If he teased it was with merry laughter. I do not remember of ever seeing him in a sulky mood.

"When his father was stationed in Frostburg, Md., upon one occasion our parents took us with them to Mount Pisgah, where we spent several days with friends. It was midwinter. We had the coasting of our lives. We coasted downhill and snowballed each other going up. Wilbur's cheeks were like roses and his dark brown eyes flashed with delight. I seem to hear his voice to-day as it echoed amid the silent, snow-clad hills.

"In the summer days when we happened to be together he delighted in gathering wild flowers and chasing butterflies. It was a delight for him to find a wasp's nest. When he did he never ceased to war a good warfare. Somehow Wilbur and I seemed to be wasp-proof. How he would laugh and chuckle to see the other boys dip their heads and run for shelter. He would cry, 'Drop to the ground and they will go over.'

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“Climb! It seemed to me he could climb like a squirrel. A cherry tree was his delight. The boy who was afraid to climb did not lack for cherries, for if they were in the tree Wilbur would be sure to shower them down.

“What royal times we had hunting chestnuts! When the burrs had opened and the winds had shaken the trees we were there early to gather the nuts. When we had gathered a good supply we would have a chestnut boil or a chestnut roast. We were specially anxious for our parents to enjoy them, not only because we desired to have them enjoy them, but because we would be likely to get permission to go on another cutting.

“The first year of the war between the States, Wilbur and I were together for several months. Wilbur was Union. I was Rebel, and yet our love was the same. We played soldier together under the circumstances with peculiar avidity—an avidity that was void of acrimony. The banner that floated over us was love.

“Wilbur and I were very fond of Upton, a colored boy who was employed by the month. But our love for Upton did not de-

ter us from having some pleasure at his expense even if it cost us the strain of grim silence. The woodpile and the barn were close together. With Upton at the woodpile, that was our opportunity. In silence we gathered our ammunition in the shape of corncobs. Think of two boys doing that for several hours and saying not a word. Storing the cobs in the haymow, we waited for Upton to begin his work at the woodpile, a job that would keep him employed several hours in the afternoon. By a ruse that Upton did not suspect we made our way to the barn. Ascending the haymow, where we had our ammunition concealed, we hurled our corncobs at Upton's woolly pate. He could not see us. We never hurled a cob when he looked our way. The mystery to Upton was the source of the corncobs. They seemed to be tangled up between his axe and woolly head. Upton believed in ghosts. His peculiar grunt as he swung his axe was answered by a like grunt on our part. As he turned to look, how the whites of his eyes shone in the sunlight. How we laughed with a noiseless laugh—but it was fun running over. The thing became too serious for Upton. So he went to Aunt Rebecca

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to see if she could explain the mystery. She solved the mystery and interpreted its meaning with the use of a slipper which did not even expel the happy memory of that afternoon in all the years that followed. To speak of Upton and the corncobs was to give us a hearty laugh that shook our sides in years of sober manhood.

“What happy days we spent together at bat and ball and marbles. How we climbed the trees and roamed the fields and splashed our feet in meadow brooks. We loved our sisters and enjoyed our games with them. But Wilbur and I delighted in the strenuous exertions that belonged to the daring boy.

“Through all the years we loved each other. On his last visit to the Pacific Coast Cousin Wilbur with his wife visited us in Los Angeles. He delivered a memorable sermon in Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church South, of which I was pastor. I had never had the pleasure of hearing him preach until then. How he preached! Every word he uttered seemed fragrant with the breath of heaven. What a joy it was after the lapse of years to be with him again. We lightened the cares of manhood with the memories of bygone days. Over the

flight of years stretches the rainbow light of heaven. My life has been made richer by the childhood, youth and strong manhood of my sainted cousin, Rev. Wilbur Fisk Meminger."

CHAPTER II.

HIS CONVERSION.

"Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, 'Oh, save me, Lord from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;
Then quick as thought I felt Him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw His brightness round me shine,
And shouted 'Glory, glory.'"

WHILE Tyrone was but a small village its first hotel was built by John D. Stewart. This hotel contained a bar and a billiard room; but one evening its owner attended a Union Prayer Meeting held in a school house. He was intoxicated and also carried a bottle of whiskey in his pocket. The earnest appeal by the leader brought him to the mourners' bench; but under the influence of liquor the workers did not think that he knew what he was doing. He left the meeting sober, however, although unsaved, and returning home confided to his wife that he had sought salvation at the mourners' bench. At this Mrs.



REV. JOHN D. STEWART AND WIFE.

Stewart wept for she thought he was merely mocking at religion. But the next evening he returned to the school house, this time perfectly sober, and at the mourners' bench was instantly saved. That evening he reported to his wife that he had been saved, and again she wept as she realized that she knew nothing of this salvation, and the following evening she too attended the meeting and was as definitely saved as her husband.

The next day a family altar was set up in their home; the barrels of liquor were carried to the sidewalk and emptied into the gutter; the billiard tables were burned, and the business closed.

Mr. Stewart was known as the converted "Gambler and Hotel Landlord." Some years later he became the stalwart "Holiness Advocate of Central Pennsylvania." He was also a pioneer preacher, an ordained elder who traveled and preached through the great forest of Blair, Clearfield and Centre Counties, before any railroad penetrated that vast and wild country. He, after the marriage of Wilbur Meminger to his daughter Laura, became closely associated with him in his evangelistic work.

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In 1873 Mr. Stewart was assisting the Rev. James H. McCord, Pastor of the Old Methodist Episcopal Church Pennsylvania Conference, in revival services. Mr. McCord was an old-time Methodist minister. He was a preacher, evangelist, revivalist and an orator. His rendering of a hymn gave more inspiration to his hearers than sermons by abler men. Under his funeral sermons it was well nigh impossible to keep silence in the congregation. His revival sermons struck such terror to the hearts of the unsaved that it was hard for them to refuse an invitation to seek salvation.

For three months Rev. Mr. McCord preached exclusively on the doctrine of Holiness, Perfection and Sanctification. The doctrine had been preached previous to that time and a number of the members had received such a work of grace. This doctrine brought antagonism from the worldly side of the church and rank criticism from those who could not show clean lives, who enjoyed, at that time, official relation to the church. Threats of church division, splits, new church, and all the arts of the arch demon were employed to cast reproach upon the preaching. Personal attacks were

heard in the meetings. Conspiracy by anti-holiness members, some of whom were on the official board, were entered into for the purpose of breaking up the meeting. Strange to say all the meetings were well attended and much interest manifested.

The doctrine of Holiness was not preached in the haphazard way in which it is handed out to-day by many of the preachers; but by the Scriptures, reason, history and experience; expressions and comments from the early founders of Methodism, articles of religion, catechism and doctrines of all the evangelical churches; all the leading commentators of the different churches, tracts, pamphlets, indorsements of Wesley, Watson, Fletcher and others who in any way added evidence upon the subject. At times a number of books with markers could be seen around the Pastor's desk.

Fierce and long the struggle raged; but no one was saved. It looked as if this doctrine handed down to us from the early fathers was not sufficient for the up-to-date customs and usages of the day.

At this time special meetings were in progress in the other churches of the town,

and seekers and inquirers began to present themselves as subjects of prayer.

At first the Presbyterian Church had a few inquirers; then the United Brethren, then the Baptist and finally a few were found in the Methodist Episcopal Chapel in the East End, which at this time was supported by the insurgents and anti-holiness people of the Old Methodist Episcopal Church. The Old Methodist Episcopal Church was apparently void of life, although meetings were held every afternoon and evening with good attendance.

At the close of a meeting one evening, the Pastor was informed by a woman that if an invitation had been given a seeker would have presented herself for prayer. Hurried efforts were made to apprehend the woman, but it was too late.

On the following night an invitation was offered when a young man, Mr. B— came forward. The next afternoon two or three; that evening several, then a dozen, twenty, thirty, forty, and finally sixty were forward crying for mercy and a new life. The conversions followed in rapid succession and in two weeks two hundred and twenty-five persons were brought to know Jesus as a

Saviour. Among this number was Wilbur Meminger, a young man in the bloom of youth, with all the vigor of soul, body and spirit, with a sanguine temperament, and a capacity possessed by few to enjoy the pleasures of the world.

Not only did he possess these, but he had a bright mind which, harnessed with a robust body, gave him a capacity for learning. Already had his mind begun to reach out along the line of reason and research, and on account of his environments, infidel literature had found its way into his hands. His companions were skeptical in reference to the Bible and religion and among strangers he soon became like them. His own words will best express his condition at this time: "When I was lost in sin and sinful pleasure and fast drifting upon the rocks of infidelity I found Jesus who saved me from ruin."

Interesting is it to note that on this very night of conversion his saintly father, several hundred miles away, had completed his Saturday work, including the preparation of his sermon for the morrow; but before retiring dropped to his knees and prayed ear-

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nestly for just one thing, the conversion of his son Wilbur.

And the Holy Spirit at the same hour flashed the picture of the praying father before the mind of the son and impelled him to seek his father's God.

The conversion of this young man was the foundation of the character which showed all through his life and on which securely rested the building and superstructure of later years.

Only a few days elapsed until Mr. Meminger was asked to lead the Young People's Meeting then held in the basement of the church. “I can see,” says one, “that room now, with its old straight back red benches, full of scratches, with its old whitewashed heaters, with its little squat windows and low ceilings, and its square wooden supports and its ‘Amen Corner.’ There is quite a contrast when we look at the more modern church with its stained glass windows, its velvet carpets, its grand pipe organ and all modern conveniences. The one was conspicuous for its ‘Glories,’ ‘Hallelujahs,’ and ‘Amens’; the latter for its silence.

“This Sabbath evening I see this young man taking his first step in public Chris-

tian work. As he arose with the Bible in his hand, his voice trembling, he said, 'I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.' This was his first message. His last words in New York, were, 'Amen, my heart is breaking for souls.'

Referring again to his first service, he read a few passages of Scripture. A few remarks, a short story of his conversion, was the substance of his talk at this time. He joined the church on probation, was assigned to a class and at the end of the probation was received into full membership.

At the revival meetings a lot of young men and friends of Mr. Meminger were converted, who helped each other, by their sympathy, their encouragement and association in and out of the church.

CHAPTER III.

HIS BUSINESS CAREER.

In his boyhood a great desire to be useful seemed to take possession of Wilbur Meminger, and he began to weigh the different callings in life in order to decide which one would give the greatest field of usefulness. He was willing to choose a life work that was full of close application, great discipline and strenuous work, if it might bring to him a position of merit and honor in later years.

He sought and tried to get a scholarship in the Naval Academy, and was successful in so far as to be promised this rare privilege and had the approval of the President of the United States. This appointment, however, was not forthcoming on account of some political changes that took place at that particular time. If this position had been obtained, Mr. Meminger might to-day have been among the foremost naval officers of the day, bedecked with honors, both of peace and war, of the greatest nation on the globe. Instead he has fallen a soldier in



WILBUR MEMINGER,
AGE 45 YEARS.

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the Army of Christ, with the great honor of being carried from the battlefield in a dying condition. Soldiers who die on the field of battle can be identified by the marks upon them, to what Corps, Division, Brigade, Regiment or Company they belong, and by their straps, if officers, what rank they hold. It might be some satisfaction to us if we could know the rank he held; but we will be content to know, "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now we know in part; but then shall we know even as also we are known." We cannot tell his rank, but like many an officer in our Civil strife, he kept as much as possible in the background.

The disappointment of not receiving the scholarship in the Naval Academy, was felt keenly by this young man; but it was the Lord's way of banking up the little life stream that made it change its course from a life of outward conflict to one of inward conflict, from a service of self to a service for Christ and others.

Mr. Meminger commenced his business career when a very young man as a clerk in the General Mercantile store of A. B. Hoover, then the leading merchant in his town

of Tyrone, Pa. After serving there for some time, he decided to learn the clothing business and hired as a clerk under C. J. Kegel, then the foremost business man in that line in Tyrone, and continued there until 1879, when he opened a store under the firm name of Meminger & Stewart.

It was during his stay with C. J. Kegel that he met and became acquainted with Laura, the daughter of Rev. J. D. Stewart, who a number of years afterward became his wife. On July 8, 1880, this firm which had just begun to do business, was driven out by a very disastrous fire that burned out all the principal business section in town. By prompt action and helpful friends they managed to escape with a nominal loss. They managed to get temporary quarters until the building was remodeled and made **the most beautiful quarter in town**. After a year or two the firm changed to W. F. Meminger, and the business continued to grow and prosper until it became the leading clothing store of the town. Mr. Meminger continued in business at this stand until January, 1897, when the building and contents were again ruined by fire and water.

After this fire Mr. Meminger closed his

business and soon was summoned to take charge of the work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Chicago, Illinois.

During his business career he had one factor in his life, that gave much force and success in his business as well as in his evangelistic work. It was PROMPTNESS. He was always on time. At the store, in the home, at the church, everywhere he was on time. When he made a promise or a contract he was there to meet it. If he gave a note, he was there when the note became due, either to renew or cancel his paper.

The Bible was always on the left side corner of his writing desk. It was his guide. It was the light of his life. In it were the issues of life. It exposed error and contained all seasonable truth. It gave dignity to the meanest duty, and it told him of forgiveness for the greatest sin. How much indeed was this man indebted to this Book!

CHAPTER IV.

A CLASS LEADER.

IT was not long after his conversion before he showed a devotion to the church and a desire to be useful along the line of Christian work.

He was first appointed Sunday school teacher, then steward, class leader, trustee, exhorter, local preacher, and finally Sunday school superintendent. He soon became popular among the rank and file of the church and was nominated and elected Sunday school superintendent in opposition to some old live workers. This caused consternation and dissatisfaction in the ranks of the old live officers, finally causing the preacher in charge to disband the Sunday school and take the reins in his own hands. This put a damper on the progress of Mr. Meminger in official duty in the Sunday school, yet he still continued to teach his class and was content in any position he occupied.

Year after year as his friends urged him to take the office of Superintendent he always

declined; but finally he was nominated, elected and served five years or more. He now had plenty to perplex him, much to try his patience and enough to perfect him in love. He was successful in this position and had the support and co-operation of the officiary of the branch.

The Sunday school was kept on the spiritual line and all the instruction that could be used for the repentance and conversion of the scholars was put forth.

He was also leader of one of the classes in the church, known far and near as the "Tuesday Night Class." Wilbur's brother thus recalls the beginning of his leadership of the Tuesday Night Class:

"The Rev. Finley Riddle was the pastor in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Tyrone, Pa., of which Wilbur was an active member. The Tuesday night class was one that seldom met, and in order to remedy this state of affairs the Rev. Mr. Riddle called at the store one Monday morning and informed Wilbur that he had appointed him to lead that class. Wilbur was astonished, and offered many reasons why he could not accept it. But the pastor used every objection Wilbur made as the very

reason why he should take the class. Finally Wilbur said, 'Why, Brother Riddle, if I lead that class no one at all will come.' 'So much the better for you,' said the minister, 'you will not have to stay long and can come back to your store.' As he said this he laid a new class book on the desk and told Wilbur that he had transferred all the names from the old one and that this book was twenty-five cents. 'And you,' he said, looking at me, 'wrap up a box of collars for me. I will try and see you Wednesday. Good-day.' I handed him his package as he passed out of the store and noticed the broad smile on his smooth face as he repeated his favorite expression of 'Good-day.'

"Tuesday at 7.30 P.M. Wilbur said to me, 'I am going up to the church—I may not be gone long.' He did not return to the store again that night and I presumed someone had been at the Tuesday night class. On the following Wednesday morning one of the first to call at the store was Rev. Mr. Riddle, and he waited until Wilbur arrived, when he said, 'How did you get along last night?' Wilbur said, 'Very well, there was one present.' 'Good,' said the Reverend, 'you said no one at all would attend it.'

Good-day.' The next Tuesday night there were two present, and on the following Wednesday morning the Reverend was among the first to call at the store. As soon as Wilbur came in he asked, 'Well, how did you get along last night?' Wilbur reported as above. 'Two,' exclaimed the Reverend, 'and you said you could not lead that class. Why, my dear brother, there is an increase in the attendance on the second night under your leadership of a hundred per cent.—you are the very man for the class. I knew that or I would not have appointed you to lead it. Good-day.' The attendance increased until it filled the class room and they moved into the one used by the Infant Department of the Sunday school. Many came from quite a distance to have the truth, for it became known abroad that Wilbur made the way plain that without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Mr. Meminger, realizing the responsibility as a class leader, felt it his duty to enlist as many as possible to attend regularly. He used all his energies from time to time, visiting and entreating; but with all the work to build up the class it seemed to decrease in numbers and interest. This looked very

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discouraging to him and was a hard blow on the earnest efforts of a young man so full of zeal for Christ and the church. It was only the entering of the wedge, by which the life of faith might exemplify itself in his life and his work in after years.

In all church or Christian work in any place, it will be found that there are at least two or three who have their heart in the work and are ready to go forward against all odds, all discouragements, and failure, on, on, to success. The Tuesday night class was not without one in the person of Mrs. C—, a faithful and devoted Christian woman, a kind mother, one who was always faithful in attendance at church and ready to help others. At the close of a meeting one Tuesday night, it seemed more than ever this meeting was a failure. Mr. Meminger had made up his mind that the class must succeed or the book would be handed to the pastor. He talked with Mrs. C— about it and both seemed to think it ought not only to be continued, but that much good should be derived from the mutual fellowship which only can be had in this peculiar means of grace. It was decided that prayer, then and there should answer the question

alone. There in that little room, those two openly prayed, and earnestly petitioned God to show them His will in reference to this meeting and in a short time they arose with the assurance that He would now bless their efforts with much success. Here we may truthfully say was the birthplace of the Holiness Class of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Tyrone, Pa.

The class now grew in numbers and power; some came through curiosity, others as honest seekers after righteousness. It was not many years until it reached seventy members in all, regular and transient. Soon a large number had entered into the experience of perfect love, became stalwart Christians and their testimony was heard in all the experience meetings of the church. I may say here that the class soon became the place for all who were pressing on to higher ground. It was the backbone of the spiritual element of the church. This was not a winter class, that lasted only while special effort was made for converts; but had as much interest in July as in December.

During this time Mr. Meminger was engaged in the clothing and gents' furnishing business in the same town; but this did not

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interfere at all with his duty to his church or class, for at 7.30 Tuesday evening Mr. Meminger could be seen going toward the church with a small box under his arm, bowing to this friend and to that business man, gathering several members on the way to the class, where other members were in waiting for their leader.

Among the members there were at least half a dozen good male singers who were capable of leading revival singing; and this was another asset to the class. The order of the class was silent prayer by the leader, placing of the little box on the table, and then the singing began to roll as if an old time revival had been in progress for a month. After a few inspiring hymns had been sung, and a prayer or two, one by the leader, a Scripture lesson would be read, and then Mr. Meminger would commence the lesson, give some needed exhortation and encouragement, and then call for testimonies.

At the close of class Mr. Meminger would move a small table out in the centre of the floor, which he called “The Ark,” and ask all to gather around it, and ask the Lord for what they wanted. Those seeking for any-

thing were gently asked to pray aloud, others joined in short prayers, and finally the leader would lead to the throne of grace, with such humility, confidence and boldness, that all seemed to take hold of the very horns of the altar.

It was a rule among the members of this class as they met on the street, in the store, in church, or in the homes, that their conversation should be upon heaven and heavenly things.

Another feature of the class was that every member was there on Tuesday and every Tuesday unless he was kept away by some unavoidable cause. All things were laid aside on that night and no engagements were made for that evening.

Each member either in song, prayer, or testimony gave it in his own natural way. Each had his own personality and expression which gave this gathering a marked contrast with the meetings where all seemed to be imitation instead of individuality.

"I remember one cold night," writes one member of this class, "as we gathered in the church; the class room was cold and in no condition to remain in. One member suggested an oil stove which he had, and his

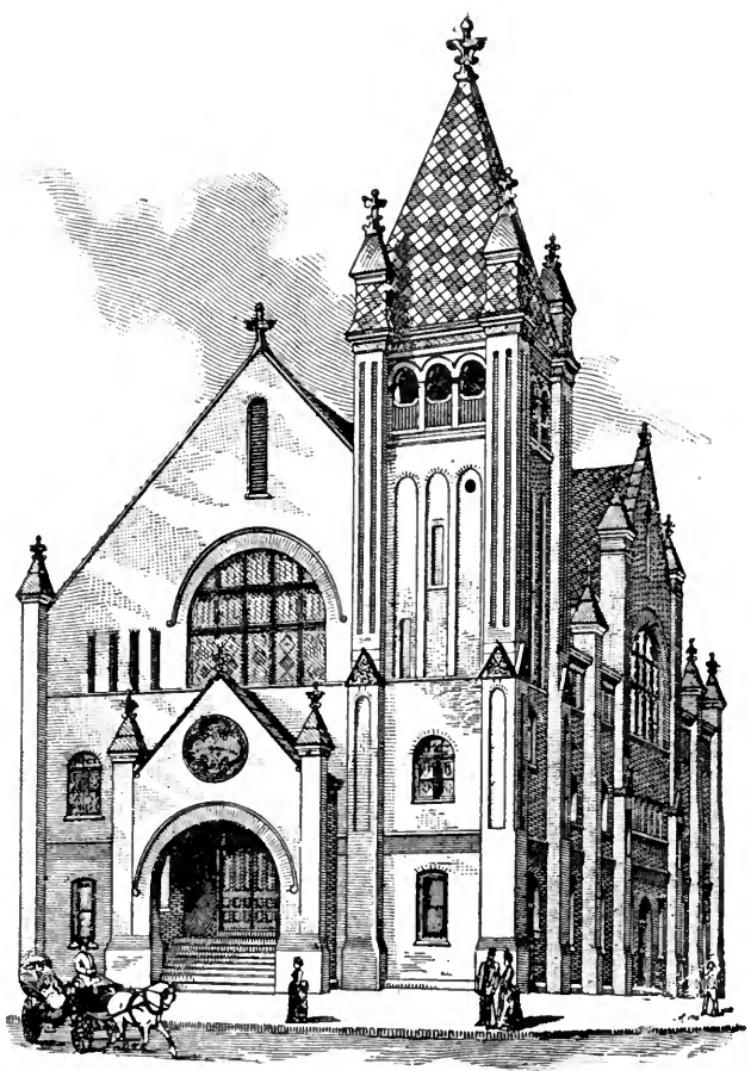
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son was despatched some four or five squares away to get the heater; in the meantime the class kept warm by some lively singing. Soon the stove arrived and I need not say a glorious meeting followed.” Mr. Meminger interested this class in missions, of which we shall hear later. He remained class leader until called to Chicago. Many have passed away, all of whom died in the triumphs of a living faith; others have gone into Christian work, others are standing for the full salvation in their own home town and other cities, some in China, some in Africa, others in South America, and some few have given up the faith.

One of his class members, W. E. McKinney, writes thus of his beloved leader and friend:

“One of the best and most able Christian workers that I have had the pleasure of knowing was Brother W. F. Meminger. My first recollection of him was at the great revival of Rev. Mr. McCord in the Old First Methodist Episcopal Church, on Railroad St., Tyrone.

He was always at his post of duty, at the Sunday school, preaching service, prayer meeting and class meeting. I had the pleas-



FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TYRONE.

ure of working for him when he was Superintendent of the Sunday school, as one of his teachers. So I watched him day after day and year after year, but he was just the same as when I first knew him, only more zealous for the Lord's cause.

"In the revival under Rev. Geo. Penepacker, after being at the altar thirteen nights, I was converted January 19, 1889. My friend and brother, who always was so much interested in me, was right in front of me, talking and praying with me. When the dear Lord Jesus came into my heart, I said, 'Praise the Lord!' and the first person I saw was Brother Meminger, and how his face did shine, and I know he received some of the blessing which came to me.

"After that my wife and I joined Brother Meminger's Tuesday night class meeting, and what grand and glorious times we did have in that old class meeting! We love to talk about it yet, and expect to meet some day.

"While I was a member of his class I made him a little box to gather money for the Bishop William Taylor fund in Africa. So every Tuesday night the little box was brought by the leader and placed on the

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table, and any one was at liberty to contribute. It was opened every month and counted and the amount reported to the class. Then the brother would send it off to far-away Africa to help some one to find God. So the good brother was working in more ways than one. I have had many a heart to heart talk with him, when he was in the clothing business in Tyrone, Pa., and it has followed me all through my life. I felt when he was living that I always had a brother who was praying for me. He has been one of my best friends and when I needed advice or sympathy I knew where to go. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with him was at a convention on Wylie Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. I feel that he will always live in the hearts of a great many people for the great good that he did for them. Brother Meminger's influence will live as long as I live, for I still hold fast to the same Jesus that he preached and served so faithfully.”

CHAPTER V.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

WILBUR MEMINGER soon after his conversion felt he was called to preach the Gospel. He knew from the outside what it was to be a Methodist preacher, for he had from a babe been moved from place to place, and from town to town. He was the son of an itinerant preacher, and in those early days the hardships were great enough to satisfy the best of men.

He was granted an exhorter's license and afterward was made local preacher by the quarterly conference. His father, Rev. W. M. Meminger, was at this time in active service, and Wilbur Meminger was not at a loss for revival work in helping his father on the circuits from time to time.

He was assigned the regular course of study of the local preachers and had always been successful for years in all his examinations, until by sickness and overwork in business and preaching he was compelled to lay aside some few branches and was on

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this account (maybe) not passed in the examination.

This was the hardest blow yet given to the stalwart little man, as he did not look at it as a failure of study so much as it was an overabundance of Holiness and Sanctification, then so much disliked by those who would not embrace it.

Let us look at one member of the committee who would not let him continue as a local preacher. A full-fledged Methodist Episcopal minister, insane on horses, who would drive at a three-minute pace through the town in which he lived, shoot down a dog if it would bark at his wagon wheels. He received a commission in the U. S. Army as chaplain, served a short time, was court martialed for drunkenness and driven from its ranks.

This was a damper upon the work of Wilbur Meminger, who continued to help his father and assisted other ministers in their work, holding meetings in out of town churches, halls, school rooms and in every place to which he was invited.

He was not an evangelist that had to be paid an enormous sum for a few nights' service; but would take any offering that

was given to him for his service. This soon brought him in favor with the men who were getting modest salaries and the calls soon began to come faster than he could fill them.

In the meantime trusting his business to others, he devoted what time he could between engagements, and with his whole being thrown into the work, he soon began to have large revivals. In Bedford, Catawissa, Bellwood, Lion, Milesburg, Port Matilda, York, Bald Eagle, Birmingham, Ironsville, and other places scores and hundreds were converted to Jesus.

One place deserves special mention. Some few members of the town of Ironsville (which derived its name from the forges and rolling mills located at that place), wished to have some preaching in the school house of the village. Several night meetings were held in the place without any success.

At the close of the meeting one night, Mr. Meminger requested any person who was interested in a revival to remain. Nine persons remained for consecration and prayer. It was there at that time they believed a great work would follow.

This village was a very wicked place.

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Gambling, drinking, Sabbath desecration, and all the vices were fully practiced here. Soon the work commenced and soon seekers were at the altar, the number increasing until nearly the whole village was converted and transformed into a great religious neighborhood. During the progress of this meeting one could see great, strong men break down into weeping, and go to the altar, crying, “God be merciful to me a sinner.”

The meeting continued for weeks, and an organization was effected and soon a church in full working order was established.

Next an auditorium was needed, but where was the money to build it?

A site was selected and the ground broken, and soon labor was donated by the large, stalwart men of the forge, rolling mill and other occupations, and the picks, shovels and digging irons were soon throwing out the earth and stone for the foundations. Subscriptions and money began to come and in a few months the edifice was dedicated. This church was built on solid rock and still stands as a monument of faith and works of a few who were not afraid to ask

God for something and were not surprised when it came.

During the revival season in his own church Mr. Meminger was always there if in town. Sometimes he was called upon to fill the pulpit, at other times to exhort, lead prayer meetings, etc. His great success seemed to be in his work around the altar, leading the forces in prayer from seeming defeat on to glorious victory. "Often," says one, "I have seen him start at one end of the altar and finish at the other, after having helped all to take hold by faith and receive salvation, while the singing would rise higher and re-echo from heaven to earth. As he would pass along from one to another and they received Jesus into their lives, he would shout: 'Sing the Doxology again! Salvation, oh, the joyful sound!'"

The Y. M. C. A. was organized in Tyrone and he became an active member in its ranks and did valiant service under two evangelists, who conducted successful revivals. He was also interested in the work, until he took up active work out of town. He also gave great support to the Salvation Army, which conducted a successful campaign in

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Tyrone for several years. He was a frequent visitor in the cities and always found his way to the missions and army meetings near by and did all he could to help men to a new life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"Burn on, O fire of God, burn on;
Till all my soul Christ's image bears,
And ev'ry power and pulse within,
His holy, heaven'y nature wears.

"Burn on, burn on! O fire of God burn on,
Till all my dross is burned away,
Burn on, burn on! prepare me for the testing day."

IN his early Christian life Wilbur Meminger had a desire for a higher Christian experience, or to use his own words in later years, "the highest Christian experience."

As he was converted under the preaching of a "Holiness man," it was his good fortune to be under the instruction of a man who not only professed the grand doctrine taught by Wesley, of Perfection, Holiness and the Second Blessing; but understood it from an intellectual as well as a spiritual standpoint.

This person was Rev. John D. Stewart,

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who for a number of years had kept this teaching before his people, as the grand privilege of the Christian. Mr. Meminger soon became interested in this subject. He noticed how happy were the lives of this particular group of people. He also noticed another element among the professed followers of the same Christ, who were in direct opposition to this doctrine and whose opposition was directed against those who either professed, or sought or who were even in sympathy with them.

This was a great wonder to him and no doubt held him from entering into this state of the Christian soon after his conversion. He thought, how can a man or woman who has received the light and life of Christ, not want any more of Him? He was hungering and thirsting after righteousness, while others were saying there was no more to get. He came to this conclusion: “If the men who have been instrumental in my salvation, say they possess the Holy Spirit and have shown clean lives, while the ones who oppose the doctrine have shady lives, I think there must be something in it that condemns the very existence of evil in the heart.” He decided to make a thorough

search of the whole affair, by inquiry, reading, prayer and in all other ways he could find.

Being a son of an old Methodist Episcopal preacher it gave him prestige and acquaintance with many ministers whom he knew, and he was free to converse about the much abused and misunderstood doctrine. Many answers were given him; some encouraging and some discouraging and some from prejudiced minds, so that the last inquiry became more perplexing than the former. Thus his comforters had confused him more than encouraged him. Perhaps it was just what the Lord wanted, that he might accept it as a gift by faith rather than work it out by men's opinions.

Still the testimony rolled on from those he could not doubt. He made it a special study from his Bible in his store, during the intervals of business activity. He made a number of journeys to camp meetings where he might hear something about himself and the void that had not been filled.

At this time he saw also the unpopularity of those who professed the doctrine; not because they were poor, not because they

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were not good Methodists ; not because they were not good citizens, but because they were willing to surrender all for Christ and lead clean lives.

As there come decisions in every life in reference to questions that arise from time to time, and must be solved one way or the other, so now came the time when this question must be settled for him. He first decided to go to a good camp meeting, where great preachers, who were well-versed in this doctrine, might be heard.

He thought, “Oh, if I could only hear that great man, John S. Inskip, preach on it, ‘the very God of Peace sanctify you wholly,’ I believe I would get it; and if not, then John A. Wood, D.D., surely would help me out of the brush, if he would preach on ‘Perfect Love’; and none can preach it better than he. And if these could not get me the blessing, I am sure Amanda Smith would pray me through.”

He started for Pitman Grove, secured quarters, and attended the afternoon meetings. To his surprise John S. Inskip preached on “The very God of Peace,” etc. “Now,” he thought, “all will be well.” And the next great preacher was John A. Wood

on "Perfect Love." But nothing happened. And then came the consecration meeting in the straw. There were scores of people who kneeled for salvation and sanctification, where the great woman of prayer, Amanda Smith, prayed, and many received what they were seeking for. But Wilbur Meminger did not and he afterwards said all he received "was straw." He went home without it. He read, he talked, he argued, he did everything he knew and finally decided all was vain.

On a Saturday night, late after the arduous toils of a week in a clothing store, he made his way to his home, where he prepared himself for the Sabbath, by bathing and clothing himself, the family having retired for the night. He decided at this time to settle this question and get more in love with Jesus. He intended spending the night in prayer and reading and then eat his breakfast and go to church.

He kneeled with his Bible before him and then prayed for a pure heart. About five or ten minutes were spent in earnest prayer and all was over. The inbred sin had disappeared, Christ had now come in and filled his heart. The question was settled and no

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more arguments were needed. It was not so much a mark of addition as it was a mark of subtraction. Indeed he said he had too much already. It was the subtraction of the roots of bitterness, the remains of the carnal mind, the depraved nature, the self nature. Now there was plenty of room for the incoming of the Spirit, the Abiding One, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Lord Himself. Before, the fighting was on the outside and inside also, now it was all from the outside.

It was during this epoch in the life of Mr. Meminger that he was so successful as an evangelist, organizer and teacher.

CHAPTER VII.

"I BELIEVE IN THE FOURFOLD GOSPEL."

IT was not long after this definite spiritual experience, recorded in the last chapter, that Wilbur Meminger was compelled to abandon his work as an evangelist on account of a bad throat. He could not speak above an ordinary tone, which rendered him useless as a public speaker. Medicinal science of all kinds and all newspaper schemes and patent medicines had been tried to get some relief; but his throat steadily grew worse and all hopes of ever being able again to speak in full round tones had vanished.

In writing to Stephen Merritt upon some line of business, he received the answer, and after the name this added as a P.S., "I believe in the Fourfold Gospel." Immediately Wilbur Meminger began to wonder what the Fourfold Gospel was and he asked his minister, who was perfectly ignorant of the whole affair. He next went to another brother minister, Rev. Mr. Moses. He thought surely that Moses would know be-

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cause Moses was so meek and humble. It was his good fortune to know nothing about it.

Next he went to another regular minister in the service and he told him, “It is the Christian and Missionary Alliance, a New York concern, with A. B. Simpson as the ring-leader. I don’t know much about it, Wilbur, but it is bad.” A few days later he saw a notice in a daily paper that a Christian and Missionary Alliance meeting would be held in the Methodist Church in Altoona. He now thought that it could not be so very bad when they were going to hold it in our own Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Meminger and Mr. Stewart decided to go to this meeting and learn what the Fourfold Gospel really was. They found here a meeting whose doctrine was in harmony with the primitive teaching of Methodism, which they professed and taught.

The profession and teaching of the doctrine of Holiness by a group of members and workers in the Methodist Episcopal Church did not bring them in loving favor with the pastor and less zealous members of the church. They were not on the popular side. From time to time the privileges and

opportunities for prayer and testimony were curbed and it soon happened that very few were the openings to testify to the cleansing blood.

This condition of affairs forced them to organize a prayer band that the exercise of prayer and testimony might be continued. At first it was thought to organize "The Central Pennsylvania Holiness Association"; other things were proposed, but finally the Tyrone Auxiliary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance was organized as it was then an organized society, incorporated and in good working order. The organization had at first about 20 members, nearly all of whom now have passed over the divide.

Wilbur Meminger was elected President and continued in that office until he removed to Chicago. Many people were saved in the meetings, others received the Holy Spirit. The attendance was large at nearly all the meetings.

In December, 1896, while on an evangelistic tour, Wilbur Meminger was burned out the second time by fire and the stock ruined by water. He has said himself that the Lord had burned him out twice and

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flooded him out twice, that He might use him in evangelistic work for the salvation of others.

In 1897 Mr. Meminger was called from the Tyrone work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance to the larger field of Chicago and the Northwest. The following resolutions were passed by the Tyrone Branch of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and the Tuesday evening class of the Old Methodist Church at the time of his departure for the Chicago work.

CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE.
TYRONE BRANCH.

TYRONE, July 26, 1897.

Whereas, Our President and Brother, W. F. Meminger, has been appointed to the office of Superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance for the West and Northwest, with headquarters at Chicago, and as he has already left for that field,

Be it Resolved, That while his departure from among us will be a severe loss, on account of his manliness, purity and strength of character, developed in the years of his life with us in Christian love and fellowship, nevertheless we rejoice to know and feel that his new field of labor, with its enlarged opportunities, will only call forth from him under the blessing of God that larger development of life and

character that only comes from a life yielded up to God for His service.

Resolved, That while we shall miss his wise counsels, faithful admonitions and teachings in the deeper things of God, we will miss more than all else his manly Christian bearing, coupled with meekness, patience and humility which adorned his walk among us. Although separated by distance, we will ever have him on our hearts and follow him with our prayers in his new life of obedience and sacrifice, praying and expecting that he may realize the promise,

"Lo, I am with you alway."

TYRONE, Tuesday Evening, July 27, 1897.

Whereas, In the providence of an all-wise and loving God our heavenly Father, our dear Brother Meminger has been led of the Holy Spirit, we feel sure, to go out from amongst us to labor in a distant part of our Master's vineyard;

Resolved, First, That we recall with great satisfaction the long and faithful service of our dear brother, first as class leader and then as President of our Christian Alliance.

Resolved, Second, That it is with deep regret that we part with him and we to whom he has been peculiarly useful and helpful will follow him with tearful eyes and prayerful wishes that our dear Lord will go with him to his new field of labor, and may the moulding power of our dear brother's Godly life be felt by all who shall come in contact with his humble, teachable, Christ-like spirit.

Resolved, Third, That while we sincerely mourn

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the severance of ties which bound us together as co-workers with Jesus Christ, we can praise God that while we will be made poorer by our loss of class leader and president, Chicago will be the richer. A great and good man has left home, wife and children and an aged mother, in Israel, and we whose hearts were knit to his as was David's to Jonathan and in loving obedience to the command, has left all to follow Jesus, to give out the Gospel of the Kingdom to others, we can but say, who shall or who can take his place? We ask who will take up the banner on which is inscribed, “Holiness unto the Lord,” and stand in all the hard places our dear Brother Meminger did? Only the Master knows and can make us not only submissive to our loss, but glad that others shall have our good.

No man ever exerted a wider or better influence in our little city and no man was more highly esteemed or more tenderly loved, and why should he not be? To very many his life and labors have proved under God an unspeakable blessing.

Resolved, That we do congratulate our brethren and friends of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Chicago, as we recall the faithful and efficient life of our brother. That what is loss to us, will be gain for them, and do commend him to you in the efforts that will be put forth by him for the evangelization of the world and to hasten the speedy coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to the end that he may have your confidence and prayers and the help and indwelling of the Holy Spirit as he seeks to win the dead to life, to relieve and comfort the sorrowing and distressed, and to help the suffering ones by pointing them to Jesus, who, with His

own touch, can impart His own life and strength to the body, also in helping believers to a higher and fuller life in God, the life of Jesus Christ Himself. Also that we further recognize that in the making of this appointment by those in authority, a wise choice has been made, and that in it all we see the Blessed leading of the Holy Spirit; besides we feel that one has been called from our midst who, with his Spirit-filled life, will be found faithful and true to the trust reposed in him.

Signed, Committee,

MRS. ELIZ. BRIGGS,
MRS. R. M. WATSON,
H. L. AFRICA,

Extract of the minutes of meeting.

D. F. WALKER, Vice-President.

JESSE S. STEWART, Secretary.

May the blessed abiding Comforter go with him in all his work and use him wonderfully, to the hastening of the coming and kingdom of our blessed Lord.

Yours in the blessed hope,

TUESDAY NIGHT CLASS.

Action was taken on these resolutions at the regular meeting on Tuesday evening, July 27, 1897, and unanimously adopted by a standing vote.

H. L. AFRICA, Secretary.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOD HEALS.

“Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His Word;
Once His gift I wanted,
Now, the Giver own;
Once I sought for healing,
Now Himself alone.

“All in all forever,
Jesus will I sing;
Everything in Jesus,
And Jesus everything.”

WHEN a boy Wilbur Meminger had diphtheria. His throat was burned with caustic, which so hurt his throat and lungs that later he was unable to use his voice in public speaking and suffered also from lung trouble. He went to Philadelphia to consult a good physician, and by him was advised to put his affairs in order as he had about six weeks to live. “You cannot live and you might as well know it. If you are going home, do not go

at night. You are apt to take cold and die suddenly."

This was just about the time when he first heard of the "Fourfold Gospel." Knowing that the Christian and Missionary Alliance was to hold an all-day meeting at Altoona he decided to attend to hear about this healing which they taught. Hardly able to get to the station, he started out. He attended the meeting, but nothing was said about Divine Healing until a little woman in the corner rose and said to the leader, "Brother, you haven't had any testimonies." "That is so," said Mr. Senft, "let us have a few." And the message to the sick man came from the little woman who asked for testimonies. In her own testimony she spoke of "*Divine* Healing, and all the way home the words rang in Mr. Meminger's ears, "*Divine* healing, *Divine* healing." Reaching home he took his Bible and searched it to find whether these things were so, and he found "*Divine Healing*" written large and clear in many places. He also read James v. 14, and wondered where he could get an elder to anoint him. He later learned that Mr. Senft was to be at Altoona and again he took the journey to

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Altoona. He met Mr. Senft at the station. Mr. Senft had already purchased his ticket to return to another town, but he changed his mind, deciding to wait a little. Mr. Meminger felt it was God's arrangement for him in Mr. Senft's change of mind; and going up to the house where the meetings were held he was anointed. In referring to it later Mr. Meminger said, “I just drew a long breath and was healed.”

He returned home, his wife meeting him at the door. He said, “Wife, it is all right; I am healed.” His wife saw only a red flush on his face and expected a fit of coughing. They had family prayers and retired. Immediately the devil was on the scene in various ways, trying to make Mr. Meminger doubt the Lord and His healing. He arose and settled the controversy on his knees and once again went to bed and slept. He awakened at about twelve o'clock, only to find his wife crying. “What is the matter?” he asked. “Now that I am healed is it going to come on you? Are you sick?”

But she was crying for joy as she realized as he slept so well that he was truly healed. After his healing his voice returned to him,

and his voice could be heard above anything he had experienced before.

During all the previous experiences of Mr. Meminger, in his class meetings, evangelistic meetings and revivals in the church of which he was a member, he was never known to sing. Some time after he was healed he received the fulness of Jesus into his body and he began to sing. At first it was not so loud, but increased in tone and volume, until he could lead in singing and roll out the praises of God in song as he was wont to do in prayer and preaching. It seemed a great relief when he could give vent to melody in this way. In many places afterward he was obliged to do all the singing as well as all the praying and preaching.

And his teaching and testimony on this line gave forth no uncertain sound. "God Heals" was a favorite theme with him. At one of the New York conventions of the Christian and Missionary Alliance a very condensed report was taken of one of his addresses on this subject, and is worthy of reproduction :

"Our desire to be healed should be for service for God and to glorify Him in our

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bodies, and if we are right with God along other lines we shall have very little trouble along this line. Some cannot understand it, and are not able to see it until they are anointed every time a new man comes into the neighborhood. No man ever healed anybody on the face of the earth. God heals, no matter to whom you attribute it. God heals no matter to whom you give the credit. God heals because He said so, and I believe Him. Do you? 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' Glory to His precious name!

"Oh, how we need the Holy Spirit along these lines to keep us safe! He is a remarkable Teacher, and it is His business to make these things plain. There are a lot of talks on divine healing that I do not understand, and there is a great deal of lofty teaching that I do not understand, but I understand this, 'Christ liveth in me.' That is the greatest, most stupendous of all things, and the Holy Spirit had to wake me up one night to teach it to me. Oh, we must know the Holy Spirit, that He may show us all these things and make them simple. Salvation is very plain, sanctification is very plain, divine healing is very plain. The Word tells us of the whole plan of salvation from beginning

to end, that the wayfaring man need not err therein. How much worse off are you than the hobo, that you cannot understand it? The hobo, the fellow that sleeps under the hay stack and gets his meals very irregularly, and wears old clothes, why he can understand all about it. What is the matter with us then? We are not given up to God. We say we are. We have been to the altar and confessed that we are sanctified. We testify that we are filled with the Holy Ghost. We testify about all these things, but we must have the Holy Spirit to teach us these things or we are all wrong.

"Oh, what we want is confession as to our real condition before God. The man or woman that is right before God just believes because he cannot help it.

"I am so glad that when I was way down with disease, and had physicians—the \$2.00 kind that you pay for—and was so tired of everything on that line, that the dear Lord spoke to me in much simplicity, and the precious Word of God was backed up by the Holy Spirit—and that was the way that I was led. I know now that Christ liveth in me, and the Holy Spirit displaces disease with the resurrected life of Jesus.

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“I am so glad this thing is so plain. Nobody need be turned away on account of not understanding it. We don’t have to understand the Greek version to get there. I pray you this morning let the Holy Spirit search you. Please do not turn your heart over and turn it inside out any more to look at it yourself. “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

“I remember a lady over on the west side of Chicago some time ago who was ill. She had been anointed several times but not healed. And they wanted us to go over there and pray with her and anoint her. They said, ‘She is a good woman, and if the Lord heals anybody He will heal her.’ And I said, ‘He will not heal her for that.’ ‘But she is a good woman, a worker in the Sunday school,’ etc. So we went over to see her. And I had a very pleasant conversation with her, but found she was not ready to be healed. So I had prayer with her and gave her some passages of Scripture and left her; and in a few days we went over again to see her and got all ready to anoint her. But I could not anoint her, I could not. I said, ‘We will have to have another prayer before we can go on with this,’ and



MRS. WILBUR MEMINGER AND THREE SONS.

down I went on my knees and prayed for myself, and I do not know that I ever agonized more in prayer than I did that time. I forgot everybody that was in the room and even the sick woman that we had come to anoint. Nobody knew what was the matter with Brother Meminger, until after a while this sister, this great teacher, cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' She was not saved before, but now she was ready to be anointed. Oh, the Lord help us to realize something of the wiles of the adversary, our God wants us to be fully saved. God wants us healed. He does want us to be free, indeed."

The Rev. Mr. W. Moyser, of India, relates the following incident which occurred on Mr. Meminger's first trip to the Pacific Coast in 1900. Mrs. Moyser had then just returned to this country after nearly eight years of service on the field. She had worked hard in the schools and gone through famines, and it seemed as if her blood was poisoned with washing and caring for so many stricken ones who were literally covered with sores during the trying days of famine. Her face was covered with large boils. Her whole system was entirely

run down and she was on the verge of nervous prostration and weighed only 95 pounds. "She had preceded me," said Mr. Moyser, "to the homeland and was staying with Mrs. E. J. Scudder in Santa Barbara. The mid-winter Alliance Convention was being held in Los Angeles where Mrs. Moyser was to have spoken. She went to Los Angeles; but was so weak, discouraged and broken down that she could not leave her room or her bed. Mrs. Scudder, a woman of prayer, called in Rev. W. C. Stevens, now of Nyack, and Mr. Meminger to pray for Mrs. Moyser. Mr. Meminger in his prayer asked and claimed 'a blanket healing,' a healing that would cover everything, and somehow that unique expression, 'blanket healing,' revived Mrs. Moyser's faith and the Lord healed her completely. She arose at once and spoke in the meeting. From that time she was no longer troubled on these lines and she now weighs 150 pounds."

A friend in whose home he stayed when last out on the Coast writes:

"I cannot yet bring myself to the full realization that our dearly loved Brother Meminger has really passed beyond. How clearly some of those Spirit-filled messages he

gave while here stand out in my memory, never, never to be forgotten.

"His portrayal of the devil with his numerous disguises, how when he is recognized in one disguise how quickly he vanishes only to appear shortly in some other, and how untiring he is in this mode of deceiving, has been more help to me than anything else of all his good messages. It has been a daily help to me for a whole year and the Lord has put in my heart to pass it on where it has again proved a blessing.

"I have so many beautiful things to remember about him. The way he talked with God when my cousins were almost gone with scarlet fever. No hope at all the doctors said. Dear Brother Meminger pleaded for their lives to be spared as earnestly as if they had been his own children, and how thankful he was when they were raised up."

The night before Mr. Meminger was called home, he and his wife spent several hours until one in the morning praying for deliverance for one, a guest in the Missionary Home, New York, who was attending the convention and who had been taken seriously ill.

Still later on the same day, and only about four hours before his decease, he prayed

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with another who writes of that visit and prayer.

“What a mighty prayer went up to the throne of God as he placed his hand on my head. We seemed almost in the actual presence of Jesus, the Mighty to save and heal. The wires were surely all connected; the answer came in a current of life from on high, and I have been well ever since. All praise to God for His healing power and for His great goodness and love in allowing me this great and precious privilege.

“This was about 4 o’clock P.M. on the day he was received into the presence of his Lord. God has taken one of these dear friends, but the sweet influence of their prayers will go with me always, as I labor on for the Master and realize day by day the answer to this parting prayer and blessing in my life and the work God has placed me in.

“His parting word as he passed out our door, never to speak with us again in this life, was: ‘I’ll remember you.’ What a blessed thought that in glory our dear Brother Meminger is still praying and speaking to the Master of the needs of those who are left.

“**NELLIE A. COOK.**”

CHAPTER IX.

INSPIRED PETITIONS.

WILBUR MEMINGER was notably a man of prayer. Nothing was too small to take to the Lord, and when he did he always expected the answer.

He approached the throne of grace with confidence, believing the things he asked for were to be handed out to him and his supporters.

One day in a Western town he was impressed to call upon a Christian brother. He came upon him unexpectedly and found him with his head on his desk crying.

"What is the matter?" he asked, and the reply was, "Oh, Brother Meminger, I am going to lose all I have and bring discredit upon the cause of Christ."

His factory was about to be sold through a forced sale, and there seemed to be no help for it.

"Have you taken it to the Lord?"

"Do you think this is worth telling the Lord about?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Meminger, and

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calling his friend's wife, she spread papers out on the floor and they knelt down and together prayed. First the owner of the factory prayed and broke down, then the wife prayed and broke down, then Mr. Meminger prayed and broke down; but they arose in victory. They parted and this brother and his wife lay down that night to peaceful slumber.

In another town some miles distant there was a lawyer who had no connection whatever with the matter of selling this factory. He was awakened that night and could not get rid of the impression that he should buy the factory which was for sale. He felt that there was something crooked about the transaction which he did not understand and he told his wife about it. She advised him to go to sleep and mind his own business, saying that he had not been called to take up the case, and, therefore, it might appear as interference; but he was so strongly impressed to look into the matter that the following morning he went straight to the city where the factory was located. A Mr. B who had it in his mind to purchase the factory, was under the impression that the sale was to take place in the afternoon.

This was a misunderstanding as the sale took place in the morning. Mr. B. therefore, was not present when the sale was conducted, but the lawyer was, and he purchased the factory. He then sent immediate word to the original proprietor telling him that he had purchased the factory and thus saved him from discredit.

One in writing of Wilbur Meminger's confidence in God, says:

"Often I have seen him pray when the heavens seemed as brass and faith was far from any of us; when the ranks of the evil one seemed impregnable; again and again the attacks seemed to be driven back without any success. At these times he seemed to realize that one could chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight, and he would then deliberately and calmly plead the precious blood as our only salvation. Then by faith he gave that great and grand 'Hallelujah! Glory to God!' like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, and with a shout of victory he cut his way through the ranks of the enemy and flanked them on the right and on the left until victory was seen on all sides.

"I have seen him called upon to pray

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when there was seeming defeat in a revival meeting and after such a prayer I have seen men and women rush to the altar in large numbers.

“Lord, teach us how to pray!”

One of his favorite themes was “Inspired Petitions.” He believed that prayer should be indited by the Holy Ghost. The following is one of his characteristic addresses on the subject, “Praying in the Holy Ghost.”

“That we do much praying not in the Holy Ghost, needs only to be stated. We do not know Him as we might; are not yielded fully as we ought to be, and do not pray in Him, or He does not pray in us; does not indite the prayer. We make most of our prayers, and what prayers we do make! We adopt the language of others—imitation prayers, cut and dried prayers, made so by frequent use. Threadbare prayers, every member of the family, familiar with the morning prayer, a cut and dried prayer for the Sunday school—many of the scholars familiar with it, know what will come when you begin. Long drawn out prayers, no end while memory continues to suggest; a sense of relief comes to our hearers that nothing broke, that we got safely

through, clear through to the end. Then there is the regular prayer for Wednesday night prayer meeting. My growth in grace was greatly hindered by hearing some cut and dried prayers week after week. When our Pastor would call on Bro. A. to pray I knew just what he would say, or if he called on Sister B. I very soon knew them by heart, nearly all of them. My head would drop as I wondered how—those whose feet had taken fast hold upon destruction, and the Lord in mercy had turned them clear around, and started them toward the Celestial City: whose feet had been digged from the miry clay, out of a horrible pit, and placed upon the Solid Rock, and a new song put in their mouth—I did wish He would put a new prayer in their hearts, even in their mouths—could pray as they did.

"Listen to some of these prayers. Let us select the last Wednesday night in July or the first Wednesday night in August.

"THE HEATED TERM.

"The church is more than 50 years old, and never had a revival in the summer. Listen; Bro. A is called on. 'O Lord, revive Thy work!—Surely needed so we all say

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Amen! ‘Grant that every house in this city shall become a house of prayer.’ Sweeping—revival sure. He continues: ‘Grant that every heart in this city shall be made a fit temple for Thy Holy Spirit.’ Still on he goes, ‘Grant that sinners shall flock to our altars, as the dove to the window of the ark.’ Reference made here to the dove that Noah released from the ark, before the waters of the Flood had dried up, and finding no place to rest its feet upon, was compelled to return to the ark. A deluge of salvation, to sweep everything and everybody before it: appeared to be the prayer. Amen! is reached at last. Now what? We all arose from our knees—the long meter doxology was sung—benediction pronounced—all returned to our homes. Revival? No. Sinners at the altar? No, no, it is the heated term. No revival expected before the first of January, and not at all sure about it then. Oh, think of it! And he was talking to God. Flow of thought, clothed with choicest language, offered in well rounded periods, may not be

“**PRAYING IN THE HOLY GHOST.**

“Up in the State of Maine, not many

miles from Old Orchard, lived a man who had purchased a farm not the most fertile, so that, to improve the farm and raise the family, compelled them to practice the most rigid economy. The father had been a Christian for many years. Family prayer every morning, but oh, such a dry old prayer; same one every morning. Family had grown up, but were not saved. The father had grown hard, always a storm when money was paid out. The father attended the Alliance convention at Old Orchard and came under conviction, realized his need of the Holy Ghost, got down in the straw—and received the Holy Ghost—returned to his home, and the very first morning, at family worship, all noticed father had a new prayer. The girls nudged each other, and said, "Listen!" And all did listen. The father was praying in the Holy Ghost.

"Not long after this Old Folk's Day came. Their house was full of guests for dinner. The old chinaware, 150 years old, was in use, and greatly admired of all. After dinner, one of the daughters dropped the principal dish of the set and broke it all to pieces, too bad to be mended. She was in a

fright; mother would be grieved, but father would storm. What to do she did not know. Confession must be made with trembling heart. She met her father on the cellar steps, with a bag of potatoes on his shoulder. This she thought was a favorable moment. She quickly made her confession, and waited for the storm to break. He said, 'Your mother will be grieved beyond measure.' Then with his left hand he brushed the hair back from her braid, and said, 'But you are a dear good girl. You would not do it, if you could help it, I know.' Away she ran and with a gladdened heart called the other girls and told them all, what father had said and done, and they all concluded that

"FATHER WILL NOT LIVE LONG.

"What a different state of affairs now—the morning worship a time of refreshing—within a few months every member of that family saved—the morning prayer, the family altar will never be forgotten by the children.

"Major B., of Cleveland, received a letter from India from one of our most devoted missionaries, asking special prayer for a

class of girls, under the care of this sister—an urgent request. He had prayed for them before, but none of them were saved. One day he left his work, hid away and prayed. The missionary had taught the lesson—was about to dismiss the class again without any sign of improvement. One of the girls burst into tears, lay her head on the shoulder of the missionary and asked for prayer; then another, and another until the class were all saved but one—they prayed in the Holy Ghost.

"While holding a local convention in northern Wisconsin, I noticed a fine looking old gentleman at each session would take his seat just inside the door. He paid close attention to all that was said and done; but never raised his hand for prayer for self or others. I tried to speak to him at the close of service, but he would leave before I reached the door. The last night had come. Theme of the evening, getting right with God ourselves, that He might work with us, and pray through us, that our kith and kin might be saved. The interest the Lord has in the whole family was dwelt upon—and at the altar and in the pew differences were fixed up, quarrels were settled.

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The Lord put His seal of approval upon the truth. Some were saved, quite a number were sanctified, sealed. But the old gentleman with snow white hair and whiskers would not come near.

“Convention closed, nearly all had gone home. The old gentleman came up the aisle to me, and said, ‘Do you say if I get right with God, he will save my son, who is a drunkard, who broke his mother’s heart, and sent her to the grave 15 years before her time; who is now a fugitive from justice—I know not where he is? I replied, The Lord sent us word by way of the jail at Philippi—‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.’ The old gentleman stated his case again. I asked him, Have you done all you can for your son? Mention was made of sacrifice made—homestead mortgaged to make good some of his crooked work, etc. I said, ‘Have you forgiven him?’ ‘No, I cannot forgive him—my heart has turned to stone.’ But I said, ‘We pray, Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. You cannot pray in the Holy Ghost unless you do forgive him; if you will ask the Lord to help you to for-

give him, we will all kneel down with you, and join you in the prayer. Down we went, we put our arms around him, and he began—it was hard work—he began some old prayer, but broke down, raised his head and while trembling with emotion said, ‘O God, forgive me for not forgiving my son.’ In an instant relief came. His face brightened, a new, strange light shone from his eyes, and as we arose from our knees he said, ‘Whether my son is saved or not I do not know, but something tremendous has taken place.’ We all said Amen—loud.

“Six months or less after this, I returned, on a cold day in early winter. A few snow flakes were in the air. At the station I was met by an old friend who called me Brother Meminger now, instead of Mr. Said I was to be his guest. We had scarcely left the platform when he began talking about his son. Informed me that he was saved, and drawing a letter from his pocket, gave it to me to read. As it was quite cold I was about to put it in my pocket intending to read it when we reached the house, but no, he said, ‘You have a share in it, and must read it now.’ I opened the letter and began to read. Mailed in Texas. ‘Dear father and

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mother—(he did not know his mother was dead, or that he had broken her heart) I know you will not believe what I am writing, but it is as true as preaching. God for Christ’s sake has forgiven all my sins.’ We were both in tears by this time. The people looked at us, reading a letter in the cold, and tears filling our eyes. I suppose they thought, there goes a pair of fools; but what did we care what they thought. We were in the heavenlies with Jesus.

“The letter said: ‘A straggling evangelist came to town but was unable to secure the church for services, so he preached on the streets. We could not help noticing his earnestness. (Dear reader, has any one noticed your earnestness in the Master’s work? Or are you floating along, “calm and serene as a midsummer night’s dream”?) At last he secured a room over the saloon where we drank and gambled. One night me and four of my Buttes, were lined up at the bar taking our whiskey straight, when we heard them singing,

““Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

“We thought of home, and the good old

days, my heart became tender, and I said, "Boys, by the help of God I'll never drink another drop." They said, "We are with you." We poured our whiskey on the floor. We climbed the steps to the meeting room, heard the message, gave up our life of sin, and by His grace will serve Him all our days.'

"That son has visited his aged father since, and although the marks of his sinful life may still be read in his face, when he confesses Christ in song or testimony, his face brightens with light all divine. He is preparing for a life of usefulness, as a harvest hand—the balance of his days.

"Fathers! mothers! forgive, forgive your wayward sons and daughters, and 'be filled with the Spirit.'

"'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.'

"'And He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints, according to the will of God' (Rom. viii. 26, 27).

"Prayer in the Holy Spirit is not dry,

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hard, set, long, tedious or wearisome ; but is fresh, crisp, refreshing and inspiring. Like the mountain spring bursting out between the rock ribs into the sunlight, leaping down the mountain side, refreshing the flowers, moistening the roots of the giant oaks, quenching the thirst of the woodman, giving the mill wheels of commerce power—now a river into which comes the drainage of a hundred cities—sin, sickness, sorrow, etc., borne afar into the salt ocean of God is LOVE.

“Oh, for united prayer that we be brought quickly into the relationship with God, and man, when we will pray in the Holy Ghost!”

CHAPTER X.

THE LORD'S COMING.

"He is not a disappointment!
He is coming by and by,
In my heart I have the witness
That His coming draweth nigh;
All the scoffers may despise me,
And no change around may see;
But He tells me He is coming,
And that's quite enough for me."

ANOTHER truth which was especially dear to his heart and which affected all his service for God was the truth of the pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus. He was very fond of telling of a woman of his acquaintance who refused to believe in the pre-millennial coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. But one day she sent for him and related this dream she had had.

It was in the city of Chicago. She went out to do her marketing one Saturday morning and on the way she noted that everyone was going in one direction. She could not understand this and asked one and another why were the people going East. The only reply she got was, "Why, don't you know?"

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But they would pass on without telling her. Then she noticed the people were running to the East and she dropped her own bundles and ran with them. She reached the lake shore, but could hardly get through the crowd. She saw beautiful clouds with all the tints of the rainbow. From beneath these clouds came a pair of beautiful hands, whose they were she did not know. The people all seemed to have packages which they were placing into these beautiful hands. The packages would disappear and the people would follow into the clouds. She noticed a poor washerwoman come with her bundles carried in her apron. How she longed to go into these clouds although she couldn't understand them. Turning to a policeman she asked what it was all about. "Won't you please explain it to me?"

"Why, don't you know? Jesus has come."

"What are those people doing?"

"They are handing Him their bundles and going in with Him to live there." And she wanted still more to go; but the policeman asked her, "Where are your bundles?" and she had to reply that she had none.

"What have you been doing all these years about this work?"

"Attending church, teaching Sunday school and trying to do some good," was the reply.

"Have you won any souls, have you done any missionary work?" And sadly she had to reply, "No."

"Well," he said, "you come this way. Jesus is receiving His friends to-day, tomorrow He receives His servants."

She awakened from the dream to believe in the near coming of Christ, and to Mr. Meminger's great joy, as well as that of her Lord, this woman became an earnest Christian, and is to-day laboring in Chicago winning her jewels for Christ.

The following characteristic address was given by him at an Alliance Convention several years ago.

"Jesus is coming! He promised if He went away He would return. He has gone, and there can be no doubt but that He will come back. Now I am sorry to be obliged to say that I know some persons who have, as they think, received the Holy Spirit to criticise and cut to pieces their brethren who believe in the Lord's coming again. How wrong is this spirit! Rather, we should

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be kindly affectioned one toward another. But I am to speak to-night on our Lord's second advent and readiness for His appearing. A preparation is needed to meet Jesus in peace and gladness. Let us have that coming again not merely as intellectual knowledge, but as part of ourselves.

"Jesus is coming—do you believe it? The first people I knew who came to me speaking of the Lord's coming I could not admire; they repelled me from the truth. They were full of untempered zeal. They had not the Holy Ghost. And so they killed their testimony with their lives. Let us be careful we do not hinder the spread of truth by our manner of living. I was prejudiced by them. We should so speak the truth as to melt one another down into love. Kindness and prayer should ever prevail.

"Then I became acquainted with some date-setters; and they did not help me receive the Lord's coming. The year they named for this mighty event went by and Jesus did not come. That further stumbled me. The Holy Ghost, the Executive of the Godhead, arranges the schedule of time; we can no more do it than the ordinary citizen can arrange the train time-table. Confusion

and smash-up would result from our running the trains. The railway official, the executive of the line, makes up the running schedule. The greatest matter of all is readiness for the event when it shall come off. Are you ready? Are you ready? A person not ready for Christ's return is not ready to live or die.

"‘Do not make it too soon,’ some say, ‘there is a great deal to be done; much to be fixed up; many things to be arranged.’ They feel themselves held in captivity, and they do not want the Lord to come and find them in their present condition. They want time, more time, to free themselves. Hear them, as they say: ‘O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of death.’ Beloved! get out of the seventh chapter of Romans. How get out? Fall out. Where fall? Into the eighth chapter. What does that say? ‘Now’—not in the resurrection, nor on the golden streets inside the pearly gates—‘no condemnation!’ Who wants to continue a ‘wretched’ man, when he can be free? I do not want to live with wretched men except just long enough to pray for them.

“‘No condemnation!’—not an entry

against us. Nothing charged to our name. God help us to get something 'now'; to be undergirded with His strength and overflowing with the Spirit. Swing out! Oh, our happiness is complete with not a charge preferred! Hallelujah! Rejoice, because it is all fixed up. Jesus did it on Calvary by His precious blood! Man can put color into glass that will neutralize color in an outside object. So, looked at by God through the blood of Christ, though our sins have been like scarlet, yet repenting and believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, we are seen as white!

"Now for the credit side. 'Beloved! now are we the sons of God.' When? Now! You would scarcely believe it to look at some people who pass as Christians. So miserable! Hark to their lamentations! Oh, get filled and thrilled now with the mighty redemption! May the Holy Ghost burn it into us now! Tell the people they may become free through faith. Cleansed and filled with the Holy Spirit makes one ready for the Lord's return. Preaching to the perishing, saving the hopeless, is a heaven for NOW.

"'We know'—God has it so that we KNOW—that when Christ shall appear we shall

be like Him.' Really, I cannot understand why those who love Jesus are not interested in His return, when it is promised that at His return we shall be made like Him. If relatives took no interest in knowing of our coming, and failed to be at the depot to meet us when we arrived from a distance, we should not regard them as very warm friends. Well, when Jesus comes, we shall be like Him. And more than that, we shall have a crown—'a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto us at that day.'

"But there is another side to this subject, the sinner's side. When Jesus comes to the world, it will be to its judgment. And 'as it was in the days of Noah, so will it be at the coming of the Son of man. They ate, they drank, they married and gave in marriage, and knew not until the flood came and took them all away.' Thus will it be with the impenitent when Jesus returns. The flood got here on time—in just a hundred and twenty years from the time it was threatened. So will Jesus come on time; and the signs show that the time is nearly full.

"Brethren in Christ, let us, like the de-

tective, locate men, run them down, apprehend them for Jesus. Sent by the Holy Ghost will we not drag them out of sin, wash them up, and presently have a banquet in the air, with Jesus—all royal, His brethren?

"Oh, I am delighting in the thought of Jesus' coming and the blessings He will bring us! I am just revelling in it! There is royalty in every one of us who has been born of God, and the day of the second advent is the period of its manifestation.

"Are you ready? Get right with God and man this night. What do you care for man's opinions and remarks about you? A prince is not disturbed by the criticisms and sneers of the common man. He knows, with his spending alone, he could buy the whole outfit of the critic. To be ready, ready for the Bridegroom at His appearing is the supreme concern and work of this dying age."

CHAPTER XI.

MISSIONS.

FROM the time of his conversion Wilbur Meminger became interested in foreign missions. He was a close reader of Bishop Taylor's works on street preaching and self-supporting missions in India and Africa, and of sketches of his work in papers published for that purpose. With his sympathy aroused in foreign mission work he naturally desired to help, and he began to look for a source from which to get funds to help the good work along. He decided to interest the members of his Tuesday evening class. His first mission box was a small pasteboard collar box from his store which he sealed, and every Tuesday night he would carry this little box under his arm to the class and place it upon the table. The responses were immediate, although it was designed for free-will offerings from any who desired to help Mr. Taylor in his far off missions. It was not long, however, until regular contributions found their way into the little box, which was opened every

three months and the money forwarded to Bishop Taylor. Hundreds of dollars soon found their way into the good work. No class closed without the admonition from Mr. Meminger, "Don't forget Bishop Taylor's little box."

This homely box was later displaced by a wooden box with a lock and key, which was used until Mr. Meminger resigned as leader to take up the active work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Chicago.

As Superintendent of the Tyrone Branch of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, the subject of missions was ever kept before the meeting and the members soon felt it a grand privilege to give to this cause. Subscriptions were taken from time to time for home and foreign missions, from \$110 for the first year until it increased to \$550 for one year. Conventions were held from time to time in the various churches, which added greatly to the attendance and collections for missions.

In his wider field work he became better acquainted with many of the missionaries, and how he loved them! He used to say, "I would take off my hat to a missionary

any time," and "I would ask no greater glory than to be found on the mission field when the Lord comes." It was a joy to him and his wife when their youngest son offered himself for the foreign field, and when he was suddenly, in an accident, taken away by death, while earning the money which was to give him his training, they immediately planned to take another missionary in his memory and support him. This, however, was not settled and their offerings were given instead into the general fund without any stipulation, to be used as the Board deemed best.

During Mr. Meminger's latest trips it twice fell to him to hold memorial services in the home cities of two of the missionaries who had died on the field. He was touring Ohio when word came from the Tibetan Border that Miss Effie Gregg had been called home. He had known her well as had also Rev. James H. Kirk and family. The memorial service was held on a Sabbath afternoon when Mr. and Mrs. Kirk with trembling lips spoke of her pure life and the blessing she had been to them. Mr. Meminger, who considered it a high honor to be called home from the mission field,

spoke of her as "early crowned." There was scarcely a dry eye in the place. Needless to say he saw an opportunity to press home some heart truths, and did so vigorously. The missionary offering followed, doubling the amount of the previous year.

Again, in the Far West, at Chehalis, Wash., came the news of the home-going of Alice Yoder, from India, and in the memorial service held in the evening Mr. Meminger preached from Miss Yoder's favorite text: (John x. 16) "The Other Sheep." A hush of the Holy Spirit came upon the large audience that had gathered from six miles around. Sobs, flowing tears and smiles mingled, and when an appeal was made to fill up the gap, many were the responses from the young people. Many received great uplifting and no one will soon forget that memorial service.

And the missionaries liked to travel with "the Little Man and Woman from Chicago." Mr. Hamill, who was one of the last missionaries to travel with them in convention work, writes thus from China:

"I often think of our first trip together—that Western trip. Can we ever forget it! There are many things that bring it back to

me. What a help you and Brother Meminger were to me at Calgary when my tooth was ulcerated. I shall never forget the first time Brother Meminger laid his hands on me. The power came down. The Lord met us that afternoon. It was then that you and your husband sang:

‘They are all on Jesus.’

I should like to hear you sing it again, for it was such a blessing to me that afternoon.

“Brother Meminger proved to be such a congenial companion on that Western trip, as well as at the summer conventions. He was so agreeable and considerate that one could not help but feel free with him. Then again, I enjoyed his company on the platform for he was intensely interested in missions. How often have I seen him smile as I have been speaking on China, and how often have I heard him give that rather quiet but very emphatic assent of ‘Yes, yes.’ He encouraged me many, many times as I made an appeal for China and the heathen world at large.

“You speak of the little feast that we had in your room two nights before you were to have left New York. Well, I often think of

it too. How we enjoyed the cake and fruit as well as the good pot of coffee that you made. I remember, too, how I thought that I had better not keep you up; but Brother Meminger seemed to want me to stay. I am glad now that I stayed and had such a long chat with him. Nor shall I forget how he slipped five dollars into my hands as I said good-night to him. If I remember rightly, he said, 'This will help you get back to China.' You will remember that he was very much interested in my getting back to China. Then, the next night comes back to me, and I think of how I said good-bye to him down at the Tabernacle door as he was on his way to the open air meeting at the corner. I told him that I was very glad that I had learned to know him and to love him, and he responded in a way that showed me that he appreciated what I had said."

How delighted he was to send in his reports of the progress in the missionary offerings, and no convention was to him a success unless it found practical outlet in gifts for foreign mission work.

CHAPTER XII.

CHICAGO WORK.

In 1907 Wilbur Meminger was requested by the Board of the Christian and Missionary Alliance to take up the local work in Chicago. He found the work in a neglected condition but organized a number of meetings immediately. Mrs. T. C. Rounds, of the Chicago Hebrew Mission, who was in close touch with the Alliance work in Chicago, writes thus:

"As I look back, how well I remember the first time I ever saw him. The work in Chicago had gone down, down, down until there was only a little handful to tell the story of an Alliance amongst us. But these faithful few were praying that the Lord would revive the work and send a man to build it up. A last effort was made and an Alliance Convention was the result. The second day of the convention Doctor Simpson pointed out a medium sized man with large, keen black eyes and a face that betokened energy and life, as the man whom they were going to send as the Superintendent of

the Chicago work. He said, 'I believe that he is just the man for the place.' He came and time proved that not only was he the man for the place, but the place was just for the man, for in it 'the little man from Chicago,' as he used afterwards to call himself, took root and grew and expanded until even Chicago grew too small for him.

"The field was a hard one. The people of the 'Fourfold Gospel' were scattered everywhere. Doctor Dowie was in the hey-day of his popularity and everything 'but God' was against a revival. But with indomitable energy born of the Holy Ghost he put his hand to the plow and from that day never looked back.

"He began meetings in the Central Baptist Church on Clark St., near Van Buren, humanly speaking a very undesirable district to hold popular meetings. But as he and a little band he gathered around him labored on indefatigably the Lord wrought and soon the place became known as a meeting place of God with His people. Here sinners were saved, believers sanctified and multitudes were healed, for there never was a service that the altar was not full of those seeking the Lord. And just here I may add

that I think I never saw anyone more supremely happy than Mr. Meminger when he could get an altar full of people, and those who came uniformly got what they were seeking for, for he patiently labored with each one until the light came.

"From early morn till late at night outside of this weekly meeting he with his wife, after she came to Chicago, were constantly on the wing, flying from one part of the city to another, visiting the sick, the suffering, the needy and the dying, and as a result scores were snatched from the hands of death in answer to the 'prayer of faith' that was offered.

"In the early days of his Chicago experience he 'endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' no one ever suspecting until it was all over:—even to taking 'joyfully the spoiling of his goods,' when a much-needed new overcoat was stolen from him—so uncomplaining was his spirit.

"It soon became apparent that there must be a change in the meeting place of the Alliance. The Lord fixed our brother's eyes and heart upon Willard Hall. With a zeal that was untiring he followed it up with an active faith in God that soon made others

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see as he, the advisability of the change, and the mighty God back of finances ready to meet the needs of those who trust in Him. From the beginning it was a success, and many hands now joined his, for there is 'nothing so successful as success.' Besides the Willard Hall meeting, others were organized and held in different parts of the city, and all was going well.

"It was with the deepest regret our Alliance chiefs informed us that they had selected our brother for a wider field—as one of their Field Secretaries. We parted with him most reluctantly. But he was ever most warmly welcomed back whenever he and his wife, to whom he was so devotedly attached, found it convenient to make a visit to Chicago.

"There is much to say about the man whom 'none knew but to love.' He was an orator. His power of imagination and description were great. The subjects of his discourse stood out as living realities, and he would hold in breathless silence his audiences. Many, or a I may say, *none*, will ever forget the portraiture of his own life, which he frequently gave in such graphic, startling words, as to indelibly impress the saving

power of the blood to cleanse and keep cleansing. Hearts touched in these living pictures and many souls taking courage, yielded to God and were 'born again,' and their lives were transformed by the renewing of their minds.

"None ever doubted that he was a man of prayer. Whatever success he had he attributed it to Him, who hears and answers prayer, believing with his whole heart that whatever was done, God must do it, and did do it.

"I could not close this without referring to what he was to the Chicago Hebrew Mission. He soon became a member of the Board of Trustees and so continued during the years of his residence in the city. We ever found him a good adviser and a strong help in prayer. He loved Israel and always did everything in his power to excite interest in God's ancient people, and no convention that he held in Chicago was complete unless Israel and the Mission were represented. The Gospel must be preached 'to the Jew first' was uppermost in his mind, and without doubt he owed much success to this.

"Time fails me to speak of many other

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virtues, but with this I close. He was a Spirit-filled man, the graces of the Spirit as well as the gifts abounded in his life and made him what he was, a most lovable as well as lovely man. May the Lord make us imitators of him as he imitated Christ."

After taking up the work in Chicago for a time, he had temporary quarters in a flat with two of his boys. One night the inmates of twenty-one flats were chloro-formed and robbed, among them Mr. Meminger. He lost his watch and clothing, and in fact, everything he owned. Twice he was held up in the streets of Chicago; once by two women, for the purpose of robbery, but as he was a preacher they let him go. Again, two young men passing him pointed two revolvers at his face, crying, "Hands up." Up went his hands and in one of them a Bible. Seeing the Bible one said to the other, "Don't hurt him, he's a preacher." Then and there he preached Christ to them.

Space will not permit us to give many details of his work while in Chicago. He worked hand in hand with the missions of the slums. He and his wife were constantly visiting the poor and sinful, and in a single year 1,500 visits were made by them,

and many were saved and healed. There was no cut and dried method employed; no side way of meeting the people. New methods must be constantly used to meet the varying needs.

On one occasion with his wife and Mrs. Trumbull he visited the slums.

"A long street car ride brought us to a part of Chicago where rents were low and everything else was low. Up the long flight of stairs we climbed. After long and loud knocking we entered the larger of two rooms; the woman, the mother, the forsaken wife, was surrounded by children, that at first sight appeared to be of all ages, but seven in all, their scanty clothing torn and dirty. Some of the children were sick, all of them cross, mother discouraged, hair uncombed, face, hands and arms unclean, clothing unclean, untidy. Dirt everywhere. Not a clean chair or table; walls, windows, floors, all dirty. Stove rusty and out of repair, the black night of despair was closing in upon them. Quickly the two sisters found soap and towel and began to wash the little children; the older ones took the hint and washed and combed themselves. The mother refused to make any change in her

appearance at first, but when some wholesome food was untied and the table set, the eyes of all fixed upon her, she yielded, made herself as presentable as possible. We all gathered round the table, and as the writer asked the Lord's blessing upon it all, the children wondered. After the meal, the dishes washed and put away, we all felt an increased warmth about our hearts. We loved each other. The mother broke down completely, in tears, told of her sickness, how it prevented her from attending to her ordinary duties. We told her how the Lord had heard prayer and healed our bodies, etc., and that we believed the Lord would heal her. At last she called for the elders, anointing service, something new in that home. After the prayer of dedication and separation the oil was applied as the prayer was closing, 'and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he hath committed sins they shall be forgiven.' The mother exclaimed, 'Oh, the merciful God has touched my poor, sinful body. He has sent you to my poor home.' A few months later we paid another visit. Stairs clean, light tap at the door and a bright-faced girl of ten opens it, and with a smile, welcomes us. The floors are

clean, the stove is blacked, the windows bright; the mother, with only a calico robe, is now a princess. No pictures yet upon the wall until Sister Trumbull fastened upon the wall, opposite the window, a beautiful motto, 'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever.'

He was ever zealous for the work of the Master and an inspiration to all Christian workers. More than one of the Chicago workers have felt it a privilege to meet and know him intimately. His consistent life helped many.

"I have been with him," says one, "when called to visit the sick both in the hospitals and homes where patients were considered past recovery, but were willing to trust God for all He had for them for both soul and body. I have seen such anointed and prayed with and raised up in answer to the prayer of faith, become active and useful members of their homes and communities and ready to testify to what God had done for them by His saving power.

"I recall many instances where his presence among the sick was a comfort and a benediction, and not only the sick but the sinner was made to rejoice by being brought

out of darkness into light and life through his zeal and untiring life for the Master."

A unique feature of Mr. Meminger's work in Chicago was a prayer meeting held in the parlor of one of the workers which was conducted for about nine years, and all the hard cases were brought to this meeting for prayer. It was called "The Emergency Prayer Meeting" and there were results in the salvation of souls and the healing of bodies. One woman was healed of cancer; another of blindness; the sight of one eye was gone and with the other she was able to distinguish only white from black. This woman is now reading and praising God. This meeting has developed into a mission in the saloon district, and is being greatly blessed of God.

His field soon began to widen both to the South and to the Northwest, and was finally called to the field work of the Alliance.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIELD WORK.

THE field work of the Christian and Missionary Alliance took Mr. Meminger all over the continent and through Canada. His first trip to the Pacific Coast was made in 1900. The train was wrecked in the Rock Mountains, but they were preserved without injury. Mr. Meminger, in writing East about this incident, said:

"Most of the journey was made in a blinding snowstorm, sleet and hail. After more than ten days and nights in the cars; darting through tunnels, climbing mountain sides, speeding over vast plains and prairies, with now and then a village, or a gaunt herd of cattle and sometimes a pack of wolves startled by the engine whistle. After the awful grade had been climbed and the summit reached, our engine gave a mighty blast of triumph which echoed through the pines and crags. Just then our engine found something wrong with the air-brake and was backing into a side track

when the second section of our train came crashing into us knocking some of the cars into kindling wood. The one next to us was completely destroyed. Our car, which was a sleeper, was hurled into the air, and turned over, stopping less than six inches from the edge of a precipice hundreds of feet deep. Of course, our car became a scene of great confusion. Wife and I hurried out only partly clothed, the storm was still raging, and the thermometer at 35 degrees below zero. We were then packed into a smoking car for hours until the wreck was cleared away. We praised the Lord that we were not injured in any way. The two trains were made into one, and with two mighty engines we made the trip down in safety, still able to admire the grand scenery about us, the snow-capped peaks, the dark blue ranges and fresh green of the gorges. At last we steamed into Spokane twenty-one hours behind time."

But their trials were not over. After spending ten days in Spokane, they passed on to Seattle and from there to Tacoma and on to Portland, Oregon.

Little has been said of their home life in Tyrone. While still in business, Mr. Memin-

ger met and married Laura Stewart in 1876, the daughter of the Rev. J. D. Stewart, of whom mention has already been made. Three children were born to them, William, Paul and Charles, in "the little brown house" where they first took up housekeeping. It was a small house which they were buying, and it soon became too small for the family and a large room was added. Here in this room as soon as it was built, weekly meetings were started in which sinners were saved, believers sanctified, and sick ones healed. Thus he ever combined religion with his daily life. He felt that the house truly belonged to the Lord and they never anticipated any possible disaster. When the house was nearly paid for, Mr. Meminger obliged a good brother in the church by endorsing a note for him, and when the note became due, it was Wilbur Meminger who had to see his "little brown house" go to meet it. It seemed hard to him and it was difficult, indeed, to forgive the brother who had so wronged them. He was conscious, however, that his heart was wrong and so he prayed earnestly about it and asked for grace to forgive. This was given him. He wanted this brother, however, to know that he had forgiven him his injury, and he, therefore,

besought the Lord further to give him the opportunity to do a kindness to this man. This also was granted, and Wilbur Meminger remained a happy man although his home was gone. But the story is not finished.

He never broached this incident to his father-in-law, the Rev. J. D. Stewart, but in some way it came into his knowledge, and he, unknown to his daughter and son-in-law, bought the house when it was sold and later gave it into their possession.

Wilbur Meminger believed in family religion and one of his favorite passages of Scripture was "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house." His business relations and church duties, therefore, gave only a limited amount of time in the home, but here as elsewhere he was not hard to please, and exhibited always a grateful spirit, feeling ever that God was showering upon him more than he deserved. In a previous chapter we have briefly referred to the fact that the youngest son, Charles, was instantly taken home in an accident. He had felt the call of God to go to China and had set to work to earn the money which was to educate him and take him to the field. During the first trip of his parents to the West—the trip

already referred to above—while they were in service at Tacoma, Washington, Charles was instantly called home by a railroad accident. Word did not reach his parents until they arrived at Portland, Oregon.

Rev. J. H. Allen of Long Beach, Cal., superintendent of the Berea Mission, Portland, Oregon, where Alliance meetings were then being held, writes thus:

"When Brother Meminger stepped into the pulpit for the first service, we felt intuitively that he was one of God's noblemen and that he knew the voice of the Holy Spirit. The full assurance of this was given not only to us personally but to the entire congregation in a most marked way on that eventful Sunday, that will never be forgotten by many of that congregation.

"That morning a telegram came addressed to Brother Meminger in my care and I slipped it in my pocket charging my mind carefully that I should not forget to deliver it to him, but I came away from the morning service with it still in my pocket. At this service the text Mr. Meminger used was from Ecclesiastes vii. vss. 2 and 3—"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house

of feasting; for that is the end of all men; and the living will lay it to his heart," etc.

"That evening I hurried to the church feeling embarrassed and humiliated that I had forgotten to deliver the telegram. As quickly as I could I handed the message to Brother Meminger at the same time apologizing for my carelessness. He wanted to consult me for a moment and so passed the telegram to his wife to open and read. When Brother Meminger had finished speaking with me and I was passing on toward the rostrum, I stopped suddenly on hearing a moan and looked back in time to see Mrs. Meminger hand the telegram to her husband as she exclaimed, 'Oh, my baby boy!' That telegram told of the calamity which had overtaken their son. In a few minutes they were enabled to enter the pulpit and sing the hymn of victory.

"Later, before he began preaching, he told the people of the great sorrow that had come to them; but he added, 'I told you this morning that it was better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, and God knew that I meant it. He has sent the test and I mean it yet.'"

Mr. Meminger in reporting the convention



WILBUR MEMINGER'S YOUNGEST GRANDCHILD.

work at this time referred very briefly to this time of testing and trial.

"Here we received the severest shock of all our lives. Telegram only read: 'Charles was killed to-day on the railroad.' The blow staggered us for a time. The little woman reeled and fell, but in answer to prayer God gave her back to us. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and together we sang that Sunday night (as never before), just before I gave the message:

'I've yielded to God and I'm saved every hour,
I've yielded to God and I feel His sweet power.
I've trusted His promises, not one has failed
Of all His good Word, though the tempter assailed.'

"The congregation were unable longer to control their emotion. Some sobbed aloud, others were bathed in tears of joy. We all had the victory and they with hearts full of tenderest sympathy for us, had been in prayer for our complete trust in the dear Lord. It was their victory and ours. But our testing was not over yet; a decision must now be made between Love—and duty.

"Shall we leave the work, return home and once more look upon the face of our baby boy before they lift up the sod and place his body under? Father-love and mother-love said go

at once. The Spirit led on down the Coast. Decision was made in favor of duty and in a moment we were enabled to smile through our tears. Convention deepened and heightened the interest in missions, the princely offering made at close of the Convention was proof."

Rev. W. A. Cramer, now in charge of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Cleveland, was then in Chicago and writing of this incident says:

"The Christian fortitude and abundant grace given our dear Brother Meminger and his wife at the time of the tragic killing of their son, by being run down in the railroad yards by an engine, always impressed me as a most wonderful display of the keeping power of the presence of Jesus. While waiting in Chicago for word from them, from the Pacific Coast, where they were holding meetings, expecting them to come on to attend the funeral, we received this message instead: 'Do all you can for the precious dead, we will continue to hold up Jesus to the living and finish our work here.' I had known Charles but a short time and had come to regard him very highly and had but the day before his death talked with him concerning his eternal inter-

ests. He was desirous to labor that his father might continue in the Lord's work, and he himself had become greatly interested in the thought of some day going to China. We had talked somewhat concerning my personal experiences in the Congo field. We all felt him to have been a missionary at heart which is counted to his reward by Him who reads all hearts.

"I and his uncle, Mr. Stewart, accompanied the remains to Tyrone, Pa., where interment was made after services held in the home of his grandfather, Rev. J. D. Stewart.

"The memory of this incident will always bear about it the sweet savor of lives wholly committed to the service of the Master and who stop not in their course, but move on and trust all to Him. This mantle of heavenly peacefulness and soul calm seemed not to have departed from our Sister Meminger, when I met her as she was following the remains of her precious husband from the Gospel Tabernacle but a short time since. When, forgetful of her own sorrow, she said, 'Dear Mr. Cramer, I have been praying so much for you and the missionaries.' Thus: 'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding.' "

CHAPTER XIV.

FIELD WORK (Continued).

The second trip was made to Southern California in 1902. Of this visit Rev. J. Hudson Ballard, Principal of the Wilson Memorial Academy, Nyack, writes:

"Well do I remember the time when Brother Meminger visited us in Southern California for a series of special conventions. It was in the winter of 1902-03. I had been but a few months in the sunny land and had found a great many scattered friends of the full gospel, but very little organization, chiefly because there were no standards raised around which the people could rally. It fell to Brother Meminger and myself to visit the long-neglected branches and revive the hearts of the friends at each place in a short convention. When it rains in California it generally rains and does nothing else. I well remember particularly that many of those convention days were days of continuous downpour. To the Southern Californians this was very welcome because the rain drops there are literally 'gold drops,' but to Easterners the rain was not so significant of prosperity and cheerfulness.

"Nevertheless, in spite of the trying climatic conditions and the scattered and frequently disheartening character of the full gospel bands, Mr. Meminger pushed on from place to place with that zeal and vivacity which were so delightfully characteristic of him. It was chiefly his buoyant cheerfulness and his firm faith in the Lord that carried those introductory meetings through to a series of successful climaxes. Physical inconveniences and weather irregularities were far beneath him. He steamed on just the same, full of love and vigor in the service of his Master.

"His messages then, as I have frequently observed in many other places, were true to the great though often-neglected standards of the gospel. He was particularly noted for passing by some of the finer and rather pretty distinctions which belong to the philosophy of the higher Christian life—often without any practical profit—and insisted upon the great foundation truths. He was brave enough to preach to the people what they were supposed to have learned in their childhood, but what in fact in many instances they had never learned in their hearts. He dwelt on the love of God and

the judgment that was coming, on the redeeming power of Christ and the perfect cleansing through the blood, on the inspiration and final authority of the Word of God and the continual and mighty inworking of the Holy Spirit. He found in such great universal truths as these sufficient scope for his vigorous thinking and his forceful preaching. He did not stop to quibble with the saints over the splitting of a hair, but seemed to be impelled constantly by a burdening love for lost souls. Although he preached the full gospel in all its upper reaches and directed the gaze of the saints forward to the coming of the Lord, he never during one service forgot the condition of those who needed the first application of the gospel in its regenerating power and who needed it that very hour.

"Brother Meminger's cheerful view of things was more than human optimism. It was a divine insight into the often hidden beauties of seemingly coarse and distressing circumstances. He was unable to see the difficulties and repeatedly surprised us by the encouraging things he saw in the commonest incidents. His reports to the Eastern friends were full of victory, with no

mention of what to many appeared to be the sign of failure.

"In all these things and in many others he left a deep impression upon those who listened to him and those who were privileged to labor along with him to the effect that this man was down to the depths of his earnest soul a man of God, who would be willing to do what a few years later he actually did do—wear himself out and give himself up for the sake of the souls of men."

The last trip to the Coast was made in 1908 and one that cannot soon be forgotten.

In September, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. Meminger started for a long tour covering a number of points in the South and Far West. Mr. Meminger preached in the Gospel Tabernacle on Sunday evening and at the close of the service, Mr. Josephus L. Pulis prayed, especially committing Mr. and Mrs. Meminger to the care of the Lord on their prospective journey. In the midst of his prayer he broke down and cried, and many joined their tears with his. A brother went to Mr. Pulis later and asked him why he cried, to which he responded, "I cannot tell you, but the Lord knows why I cried and the Lord laid that burden on me."

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The following day Mr. and Mrs. Meminger started for the South, stopping all night at Dansville, Va. They took the first train out in the morning which happened to be a fast express. An extra fare was charged on this train of three dollars. This reduced their pocket-book to such an extent that they were unable to purchase meals on the train and all the way to Atlanta not a stop was made at which they could even purchase a sandwich. Eight minutes after leaving the station of Spartansburg, S. C., a heavy crash was heard and the bridge over which they had just passed was completely washed away. The train went on to Greenville, N. C., at which point the train was sidetracked and remained for the night. Another bridge just ahead had been washed away with the exception of the ties and the rails. The only way to cross was by placing planks over what remained of the bridge and having the passengers go one by one to the other side. Even this was at considerable risk, but the passage was made in safety. Still later there was another bridge to cross. It had to be repaired, however, before a train would dare to pass over on it. Men did this by standing waist deep in

water while the passenger train waited four hours. At length Atlanta was reached after a fast of forty-one hours and after a most tedious and tiresome journey. Arriving at Atlanta Mr. Meminger hurried off to the meeting and on his arrival in the place the friends knowing of some of the difficulties of the way, arose, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. He understood then the reason for Mr. Pulis' prayer and the burden which seemed to overwhelm him that Sunday night.

But this was not the end of that memorable journey. Their steps then lay in a westerly direction, stopping next at St. Paul and Minneapolis for meetings. On they sped to the West, passing through prairie fires. After a very blessed service on the Coast they returned to the East by way of Canada and in the Canadian Rockies were again halted in their journey by heavy snow falls through which the train could not pass. Finally, the engine stopped; the wires were kept busy and soon from the nearest city a large number of laborers, principally Japanese, arrived to dig the train out, but the snow drifted in faster than they could dig and it was not long before the train was

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completely covered with the snow. The passengers could do nothing but wait, and here they remained from Tuesday until Friday. The gas gave out. The conductor hung his lantern in the middle of the car and put a candle at each end. The water gave out and snow had to be melted for the emergency. The well-supplied dining car, however, kept the passengers fed in the meantime. Some photographs were taken of the train at this time and one gives an excellent view of the train being dug out. The man on the right hand side is standing on top of the train, and when the train was finally dug out instead of being taken along on their journey, because of heavier drifts still ahead, they were compelled to go back. They remained in this town of Maple Creek until Saturday noon, missing two conventions which had been planned, but arriving in Winnipeg in time for the meetings there. Thus they were wont to say in referring to this trip they went through floods, through fires and through snow, but were brought out in perfect safety.

Several evangelistic tours were conducted in the South in company with Rev. R. A. Forrest. He writes:

SNOW ROUND IN ALBERTA. THE MAN ON EXTREME RIGHT OF
PICTURE STANDS ON TOP OF THE TRAIN.



"Among my earliest recollections of Bro. Meminger is of our sitting together in an old deserted barn in South Florida talking of the Lord and His work. The writer was then just being initiated into the Alliance work and Brother Meminger was at that time superintendent of the Southern District, having come to Florida for the winter conventions. After talking a while we went to our knees on a pile of corn fodder, and I can remember yet the thrill of the presence of God, as he prayed Him to bless and use us in the work, and help us to be His best. Many times since we have remembered that prayer meeting, and have felt stronger for the memory.

"It was not long until God called Brother Meminger to a larger and wider sphere of usefulness, and by a strange leading of Providence we were trying to care for the Southern District; and it was then that we had the privilege upon four or five occasions of having Brother Meminger with us for conventions and series of conventions. It has often been said, and very truly, that there is no better place to get acquainted with one than travelling in convention work. Every opportunity is here afforded to dis-

play whatever selfishness, impatience, or irritability there may be lurking in one's heart; and yet after being with Brother Meminger for months at a time, in meetings almost constantly, we can truthfully say that he was always the same gentle, even-tempered man, and a true representative of the Christ whom he loved and served.

"One of Brother Meminger's distinguishing characteristics was his marked individuality. It was a very foolish man who tried to imitate him successfully, for one never knew what he would do next. Strong, buoyant, energetic, hopeful, and deeply spiritual, he won hearts everywhere he went throughout the South, and wherever we go since his death we find loving hearts who bear grateful testimony to great blessing derived from his ministry.

"In all his meetings and preaching he was true to the truth God had revealed to Him, preaching powerfully and fearlessly without compromise the message God gave him, and it is not surprising therefore that his ministry has born 'much fruit that shall remain.'

"On his last trip through the South just a few weeks prior to his death, God wonderfully used him, especially at Durham, N. C.,

in the Gospel Tabernacle. Souls were saved, believers sanctified, and the church received a wonderful uplift and blessing as a result of his meetings.

"On the night of his 'abundant entrance,' as he went down the stairs to the street meeting where his body fell, he called back to the writer saying that as soon as the street meeting was over he wanted to have a conversation about the Durham meetings. We are awaiting with joyful anticipation the time when we will not only have that conversation, but will be able to talk over all the conflicts and triumphs we have been privileged to share in the Southland.

"We miss his glad 'Hallelujah!' and the inspiration of his earthly presence, but we are sure he is now making the courts of heaven ring with shouts of praise to the Lamb that are far louder and more triumphant than the loudest shout while here.

"The sympathy, love and prayers of thousands of Southern friends are extended to his bereaved wife in this greatest of earthly sorrows, that God may sustain her, and brighten her last years of loneliness with the comforting thought of her love, care, and devotion that helped make him the man he was,

and the glorious hope of going up with him
‘to meet the Lord in the air.’

"What a glorious sweeping entrance he had into glory! His passing away was like the going down of the sun on a beautiful summer evening as it seems to dip beneath the Western hills in the full strength of its effulgent glory, leaving a great halo of light in the heavens long after it is gone. The memory of this strong, brave, true life will remain in blessing among men until Jesus comes."

Ulysses Lewis, of Atlanta, Georgia, who was much with him in the work there, sends the following lines:

"Dear Sister Meminger:

"Your letter was received some days ago while I was engrossed in many matters that did not allow me time to reply. Since the death of Brother Meminger I have thought of you many times, and heard with pleasure how God's grace sustained you through the trying ordeal of his sudden departure. I know you miss him. You two were inseparable for years. It will be hard for you to

get used to his absence. His sudden death changed all your plans without notice. We miss him, too, and shall miss him more at the time of our conventions in Atlanta. He was greatly beloved here. No preacher was more acceptable to our people than he, and God used him here to benefit many lives who will never forget him and his wonderful preaching. It was a strange providence which took him at that time. He was needed by the Alliance more than at any time before, and was doing a great work. Every part of the field felt the shock of his departure, and his loss to the work cannot be estimated. But God knew best and gave him a glorious death on the field in full harness, which is to be envied. I have heard many say that no doubt he would have chosen to go that way.

"The news of his death came to us in a telegram which also announced the dangerous illness of my daughter Elizabeth, in China, with typhoid fever. I at once prayed.

"Mr. Meminger was no ordinary man. His style of preaching was all his own—different from any I ever heard—and was very effective and always interesting, brilliant

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and helpful. He helped many a soul that no one else could touch; and the Lord gave him souls for his hire. He kept in touch with us in Atlanta and wrote some of us regularly. His published articles were also read with deep interest. In my extensive traveling over the Alliance work, I found him loved everywhere, and universal sorrow at his death.

"He was always bright and cheerful. His sunny disposition lifted people while he pointed them to God with quick power from above, and with the soundest doctrine and convincing persuasion. Believers were strengthened, backsliders drawn and sinners convicted and converted. It was my privilege to pray for him constantly ever since I have known him, and to love him like a brother. My children all loved him. He used to take my two little boys on excursions to the park here, treating them to peanuts and candy and boating on the lake. They thought there was no one like him, and they were right about that.

"We have all a warm place in our hearts and homes for you. When it pleases the Lord to send you this way we shall be glad

to see you. My family all well. Your friend
and brother,

"ULYSSES LEWIS."

And the Rev. E. E. Johnson, of Durham,
N. C., in whose field Mr. Meminger labored
so earnestly, bringing many souls to the
Lord, writes:

"My earliest remembrance of Mr. Meminger
was that of a little man with a burning
passion for souls.

"He seemed to me to be all aflame with
the 'passion fire of love Divine.'

"The intervening years which have
brought to me the coveted privilege of a
more personal friendship and fellowship
with him in the Lord's work have only
served to strengthen my first impressions,
and even now it is impossible to contem-
plate his love and zeal without feeling a
thrill of heavenly fire, and the quickening
of the desire, if not the determination, to
emulate the example of his life.

"To him it was marvelous that Christians
were not all alive and always alive to the
work of winning souls.

"Loyal to Christ he was always eager to
lay some trophy at the Master's feet. He

counted 'not his life dear' unto himself in his passionate yearning to save the lost. He traveled from Maine to Florida, from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, resting not in summer or in winter, in the one intense, eager pursuit of lost souls; and wherever you found him there was the same burning zeal speaking out in His looks and his words. He was always moving in his work at a pace much nearer to a run than to a walk.

"In September, 1909, he came to Durham, his second visit.

"In all the years that I have known Mr. Meminger and heard him preach the good tidings of full salvation, I have never heard him preach with such Holy Ghost zeal and power as was manifest from the very beginning of his stay among us. As a friend, who upon hearing of his death and recalling his meetings at Durham as his last regular series of meetings, said, 'He seemed to be preaching as if it were his very last.'

"Appeal after appeal with earnest exhortation came from his lips for twelve nights; and how shall we describe the closing service on the last Sunday of the meetings. He spoke from the text in I. Samuel xx. 3,



WILBUR MEMINGER'S GRANDCHILDREN.

'There is but a step between me and death.' We all were made to feel that there was but a thin veil hanging between us and the great Eternity. So deeply moved were the hearts of the unsaved, that a gentle invitation was all that was needed to fill the altar with earnest, seeking souls.

"The last scene of this service can only be pictured mentally. Words fail to describe the picture as those who had found Christ during the meetings came with words of praise and thanksgiving for blessings received. How touching was the final scene as one after another of the 'new born babes' would grasp our brother's hand and with tears in their eyes bid him farewell as children taking leave of a very dear earthly parent.

"Dear faithful man of God! The ruling passion was strong in death. As he had spent himself in the service of the Lord, there was a solemn fitness in the last act of his life as he stood proclaiming Christ to the lost, and thus fell asleep."

CHAPTER XV.

CALLED HOME.

"Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted,
 Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear,
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden,
 Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.

"O to be saved from myself, dear Lord,
 O to be lost in Thee,
O that it might be no more I,
 But Christ that lives in me."

WE attended the New York Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in October, 1909, and were to leave on the morning of the 7th for New York State and the Far West. Mr. Meminger was asked on the evening of the 6th by the Young People of the Gospel Tabernacle to speak at the street service held on the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. I stood by him while the service was going on, and, as I always did, prayed very earnestly for him as he was speaking. He gave his message closing with the words, "Amen, my heart is breaking for souls." He stepped back and physically seemed to be all

right. I was tired from standing so long and not feeling very well and so turned to him saying, "I will go into the Tract Room and sit down until you come." He answered: "All right, I will be right along." I walked into the Tract Room; but did not sit down, but instead walked to the door in a somewhat restless spirit. I am sure now that it was the Lord that led me away from the meeting. The street meeting broke up and a number of the people came into the Tabernacle door and one lady, a member of the congregation, as she came along was crying. I went up to her asking, "What is the matter, what is wrong?" "Oh," she said with uplifted hands, "your dear, good husband has fallen to the ground." I thought, "it is all over, if he has fallen," and I ran to the corner as fast as I could, but found that he had been carried into the Alliance House. I found him lying on the floor speechless, but not quite gone. I prayed that God would let him speak once more to me, but there was no response. I said, "Wilbur, do you know I am with you? If so, can you breathe a sigh of relief?" He breathed once and was gone. I believe the Lord spared him until I reached him.

Words cannot express the heart break. I thought it would crush me to death too; but God held me very still in His mighty arms. It was the darkest night of my life, but He has taught me to say, "Thy will be done." Then came an awful struggle as I began to realize that my husband was really gone.

Kind friends were all around me and about four o'clock in the morning the Spirit of God took hold of me and led me to pray in the Holy Ghost. It was there in prayer that I got away from myself, got away from my dear husband, got away from everything and got right into the very secret of His presence. It was there where God gave me the victory. He brought many dear ones to my remembrance and I prayed for them—for those in whose homes we had been and others. Miss McFedries, who was with me, said, "Now, Mrs. Meminger, you have prayed for two hours, you have been around the world and back again. Now I believe the Lord has something to say to you. I would lie down and keep still and let the Lord speak." I said, "Miss McFedries, all I want is to have a vision of Jesus. You pray that the Lord will give me this vision." Miss McFedries prayed and such a prayer I never heard from anyone

before. Finally all was quiet—she had ceased praying. Suddenly Mr. Meminger appeared in front of me. He was clothed in a beautiful robe and at the same time I saw a beautiful mound. It seemed to be so beautiful, so pure, so transparent. My attention was drawn to it. I wondered what it was when I saw Mr. Meminger stoop down and pick something off this mound until his arms became filled. He started away from the mound and it seemed that every step of the way opened up so beautiful and glorious. I wondered where he was going when suddenly like a flash Jesus appeared—the King, so wonderful, so beautiful, words cannot express. And I saw Mr. Meminger lay these trophies at Jesus' feet and I realized at once that they were jewels, souls that he had won for the Master. But that was not all. He returned to the mound and again filled his arms with these trophies, and it seemed as if the more he took away still higher the mound grew. And once again he laid the jewels at the feet of the Master. He bowed down before the Master who laid His hands on his head and said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many; enter thou into the joy of the

Lord." Then I said to Miss McFedries, "Not only has the Holy Spirit given me a vision of Jesus, but He has let me see my dear husband carrying souls and laying them at Jesus' feet." She said, "It was just like Jesus to roll the clouds away and give you such a beautiful vision."

A few minutes later it seemed to me as though the Lord was going to take me too. I was perfectly calm. I got up, told my sister-in-law, who was also staying with me, everything concerning my children and all, for I really thought that I was going.

Miss McFedries said, "No, no you are not going, the Lord is not through with you." But why do I feel this way? I realized then that God wanted me to be willing to go or stay, and I said, as never before, and from the bottom of my heart—"Thy will be done, I am perfectly willing to go, and sweet it would be to meet my dear husband at the early morning hour; but I am perfectly willing to stay a little longer to perhaps finish some work the Lord would have me do."

I praise God for such wonderful victory and such a sweet vision of Jesus. I praise God I have learned the blessed secret of abiding in His presence, hidden with Christ. I am so

glad Heaven is not far away. Our dear ones are very near. The veil seems very thin. I miss my dear companion at every turn. The tears come without bidding, but it is good to cry. It relieves the heart. Jesus wept at the grave of His friends.

I have said that we were about to leave on the morrow for New York State. It was to do convention work with Rev. E. J. Richards, superintendent of the New York State work. The following letter from Mr. Richards is an evidence that the saving grace of the Lord Jesus was made manifest in the death of Mr. Meminger as well as in his life.

“Schenectady, N. Y.

“My dear Sister Meminger:—

“How delighted I was when Dr. Simpson wrote me that Bro. Meminger had been assigned to New York State for convention work. The memory of our campaign together two years before is still very precious in my heart, and I was delighted at the thought of having you both with us again. The people over the State felt likewise, and several in replying to my letters giving them the names of speakers, and the dates for their convention, spoke of how glad they were to have Bro. Meminger East again. When I received the

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telegram that he was gone, I felt stunned at first. I could hardly realize it. I was in Hornell expecting you both to arrive on the train in the next few hours when the telegram was handed me. After the first shock was over, and I really began to grasp the thing, I confess frankly that I did not grieve. You remember Jesus said to His disciples when they were grieving over his departure, "If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I go to my Father." As the time came for the evening service and Miss Gummoe arrived and brought us word as to the particulars of his home-going, our hearts were melted. I could not preach that night, so instead of attempting to preach, I tried to paint three pictures before the people. The first one showed the scene in the W.C.T.U. rooms at Corning, just two years before and Bro. Meminger pouring out his heart in a call to the unsaved, and how at the close of his address, it seemed as if God gave him an instant vision of the doom of the lost, and with a cry of, "My God, an open Hell" that startled everybody in the room, he dropped to the floor in a torrent of tears and volley of groans. I tried to picture how the little woman that stood by him in his work pulled his head up into her lap, and how for full twenty minutes

knelt there and groaned and prayed for lost souls.

"The second scene was Rocky Springs Convention of 1909, as he stood on the stage of the large theatre, with easily one thousand people looking up into his face, and he took his text (I think it was the last one I ever heard him preach from), "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between thy soul and death," and as he punctuated his sermon with the story of a man of his acquaintance, who, without a second's warning had been ushered into eternity, we never will forget the sense of awe that swept down upon the congregation. Then I tried to draw a picture of the scene on 8th avenue and the circle of sin-marked faces as Bro. Meminger stood there pleading with sinners to turn to the living God, closing his message with a more than usual heart-cry, stepped aside, and in an instant was in the presence of the King. Without any wavering, without any long-drawn out illness, but in the harness, pulling hard for the salvation of souls, and the Glory of God, he fell headlong on toward Glory.

"I will never forget how the presence of God settled upon the meeting and three souls came quickly forward and wept their way to

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the feet of Jesus. We are so glad that while God honored Bro. Meminger's ministry in the salvation of souls, that he also honored his death in the same. While we are glad for him, our hearts beat in sympathy for you. We know this is the hard part, and yet we are sure that our God will prove himself sufficient, and that by His grace, you will fill your place and do your work as faithfully as your husband did his.

"Assuring you of our Christian love and sympathy, I am

Most prayerfully yours,
"E. J. RICHARDS."

Little did he think on that memorable night of October 6th, 1909, as he was speaking to a street audience, among whom were a goodly number of laboring men, about making bricks without straw, that these were his last words on earth to a dying world. Little did he think that his work was ended. His relation to family, friends, Alliance and other duties must now shift from the earthly to the heavenly. He could say with Paul, "I am now ready to be offered, the time of my departure is at hand," and he immediately stepped behind the curtain and closed it after him. His voice is no more heard in the street, in the hall, in the

convention. His smile radiant with the joy of the Lord and that has cheered so many hearts, has gone with him. He is silenced by the last enemy—Death; but I still hear his voice echo in the language of Job, “For I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day on the earth, and though in my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.” Henceforth let us not think of him in the grasp of the grave, but as

“Forever with the Lord!
Father, it is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfill.

“So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.”

CHAPTER XVI.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

MORE than a thousand persons gathered in the Gospel Tabernacle at noon on Friday, October 8th, for the memorial service in connection with the funeral of the late Wilbur F. Meminger. Appropriate Scripture selections were read by Principal Stevens, of Nyack, following the opening hymn, "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" After prayer by Rev. F. E. Marsh a solo was sung by Mrs. Mumford, of Philadelphia, "Not Now, but in the Coming Years."

Mr. Simpson then gave the following appreciation:

"'And he cried, My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more. And he said, Where is the Lord God of Elijah?'

"Elisha had just witnessed the passing of his master in a cloud of glory and a chariot of flame. It was the fitting close of a splendid life that to the younger prophet's mind suggested the figure of the chariots and

horsemen of a mighty battalion of cavalry and artillery. So Elijah had swept through his brief and dramatic career and so the close had fittingly come in a blaze of glory.

"In a very real, though of course, a humbler way, the glorified spirit, whose passing from our midst we mourn to-day, lived his great and noble life, and the fitting close was not unlike the dramatic career that preceded it. Though we may not have seen the heavenly messengers we cannot question that the chariots of the Lord were there to convey that departing spirit to stand before the King. Had he been permitted to choose the circumstances of his departure it is not hard to believe, as one has already said, that he would have wished no other or greater honor than to die in harness and pass in a moment from the field of battle to the feet of his Lord.

"None of us who knew him well could fail to note the dramatic touch in all our brother's life and ministry. Converted in a moment from a life of sin as by a bolt from heaven while his saintly father was spending the night in prayer for his erring son, his whole life and ministry were passed on an unusual and always supernatural plane.

Probably he never gave an address in his life without startling at some period in his message the most passive of his hearers with a shout that was sufficient to wake the dead. He was always expecting God to do great and mighty things. After his own salvation and healing through the mighty power of God, nothing seemed impossible to his faith. He had a passion for souls. Every service which he conducted had as its goal the getting of somebody from sin to Christ. One of his latest appointments, from which he came directly to this convention, was in the city of Durham, N. C., and he wrote in glowing words of the triumphs of God's grace in the salvation of the crowds of young people which came from night to night to hear and believe. And every few sentences were interspersed with notes of exclamation and punctuation not found in the text books. His reports of his campaigns read like the bulletins of a conquering general sweeping over victorious battle fields. He seldom paused even to put in the verbs, but dashed off a series of triumphant ejaculations and field notes that looked like a plan of battle. No service was too arduous for him if anybody needed to be helped. While

in charge of our work in the City of Chicago he was constantly on foot visiting the sick and suffering in every part of that wide and scattered city, and ready at any hour of the day and night for the call of duty. His last night on earth, while attending the convention here, was largely spent in ministering at the bedside of a suffering saint and praying her through. He was a real soldier of Christ, intensely loyal to his colors and his cause, and prompt in obedience to the orders of his Commander. The last morning of his life he spent three-quarters of an hour with the writer asking and receiving instructions for the extended campaign on which he was just starting out for the next seven or eight months in the State of New York and the Northwest. He was always waiting for orders and ready implicitly to follow them. No word of criticism or complaint ever passed his lips. If there were trials, hardships, self-denials, only the Master heard the story. With his devoted wife, who was in the fullest sense that the words could mean his helpmate, he has travelled in the service of the Alliance over every portion of the United States and Cana-

da and everywhere his memory is blessed and his fruit remains.

"The last scene in his dramatic life is already familiar to us. About to depart on the morrow for a long campaign of more than half a year, he had gone out in front of the Gospel Tabernacle to take part in the street service which always precedes the evening meeting, and to give what proved to be his last message on earth to the people he loved. He had supplied the pulpit of the Gospel Tabernacle for two summers, and was regarded by them as almost one of their pastors. With unusual unction and power he appealed to the crowd before him and preached unto them repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. He had scarcely finished when he was seen to fall forward on the pavement. He was quickly carried into the Alliance House and two physicians sent for; but in a few moments, and even before they arrived, his spirit had passed to be with Christ, and his beloved wife and the great congregation that was gathering in the Tabernacle were reeling from the awful shock of this sudden blow. It seemed indeed like the sudden passing of a chariot of fire.

"One moment here,
The next beyond the stars."

"No language can express our sense of loss in the passing of our beloved Brother Meminger. His spirit will always shine in our memory and affection and in glorious light side by side with John Cookman, David Lelacheur and Henry Wilson, the most gifted and lamented of the honor roll of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. His beloved wife has had a great share in the blessing of his fruitful life. In modest silence and womanly love and loyalty she has suffered and labored by his side and been the inspiration of his noblest achievements. How tenderly and quaintly he talked of 'the little woman from Chicago,' and how our hearts go out to her in this unspeakable trial in deepest tenderness, sympathy, love and prayer, and how we thank God for the abundant grace that is not only sustaining her but making her 'more than conqueror through Him that loved her.'

"He saw him no more. And he cried, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? His master would never again return, but his God was still the all-sufficient Jehovah. Our brother has left us. How unspeakably we

feel the loss! How ill we can spare him from our depleted ranks and our straggling skirmishers along the firing line! But his God is still our heritage, and He who gave us Cookman, Lelacheur, Wilson and Meminger is still able to supply our need, to recruit our ranks and to prove as He has so often proved to us before that it is 'not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.' Let us not be discouraged, but take up his mantle, claim the power and the promises of his God, and go forth to finish his work and ours."

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Senft sang the hymn well known among Alliance friends, "I've Yielded to God and I'm Saved Every Hour," Mr. Senft telling how several years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Meminger were out West in the work they received word by telegraph of the sudden death of their son. They continued their work, not leaving it to attend the funeral, but God gave them victory and they sang together this beautiful hymn.

Mr. Senft then related how seventeen years ago, when he, Mr. Senft, had just begun work on full Gospel lines in the city of

Altoona, the friends in Tyrone, fourteen miles east, would come up to the special all-day meetings, Mr. Meminger among them, and his father-in-law, the Rev. John D. Stewart. These friends from Tyrone were compelled to wait after the night services for the midnight train, and they held some remarkable after meetings of great spiritual power. "How I can see," said Mr. Senft, "that little company yet as we lingered at the feet of Jesus there in that after meeting, where victories were won. A little later after attending some of these meetings, our dear brother came up to Altoona and had a season of prayer for divine direction. If I were at home he would take it of the Lord that he was to have a season of prayer and an interview with us. When he got off the train I was there at the station for some purpose, and in a few moments we were at home, and there in that upper room he unburdened his heart and we waited at the feet of Jesus for a while. I had known previously that he had broken down some few years before after a remarkable ministry in evangelistic work in many places, during which hundreds of souls had been saved, with a serious affection of the throat, and

had been compelled to give up preaching and go into secular business though he remained an active worker in the church where he lived. As we knelt and waited upon God and as the oil was poured upon him the Lord filled the room and the little company and healed him, and sent him forth as a flaming torch. I thank God for this little fellowship with him and have followed him with praise to God all these years as he has been with us, one of us in a true sense; as a brother said only a few days before his death, 'through and through an Alliance man, imbued with the truth and the spirit that God has given to us as a mighty trust in these last days.' Let us be faithful to all that our God has for us and pray that the ranks may be filled and the work go on for His glory."

Rev. W. T. MacArthur, who succeeded Mr. Meminger in the Alliance work in Chicago, and who had come into very close touch with him as Mr. Meminger continued to make his home there, next spoke. He said, "I have to confess to selfishness when I heard of his death—I could not understand it. I dreaded to meet Mrs. Meminger, knowing how attached they were to each other—they were inseparable. I thought

perhaps it would kill her, but I lost sight of that when I heard her singing:

“‘Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine.’

“And I thought, she is all right; the Comforter has come to her. But what about our poor work! Each one of us doing more than one man’s work, and it seems as though it could not be possible that we had lost one, especially as I noticed in him and remarked to one of our superintendents a few days ago what wonderful strides he seemed to have made in the spiritual life. Well, God is able to raise up a successor, another worker or workers that will accomplish the work. It may be there isn’t so very much more for us to do. It may be that Jesus is just coming.”

Mr. Meminger had been for several campaigns with Rev. R. A. Forrest, Superintendent of the Southern Alliance work, and he was next to speak. “We have had the pleasure of having had Mr. and Mrs. Meminger with us in the South for a number of campaigns. Last year they were with us for five months consecutively without any

break. We were together every day. Since then we have had him with us for two or three shorter tours and just recently down in Atlanta and then Durham, N. C., where we have a Fourfold Gospel Tabernacle. Mr. Johnson, pastor of this Gospel Tabernacle, has written me twice about these meetings, and said that it seemed to him as if there was an aurora of glory around his whole person as he spoke, and the power of God fell upon the people as never before. Many souls were saved, many Christians definitely received the Holy Ghost, and the work in Durham has doubled through Mr. Meminger's ministry.

"I want to give a personal testimony. I have never met a man who was more thoroughly God's man, or an Alliance worker more thoroughly an Alliance worker. There wasn't a flaw in his fellowship or service. In all those months of campaigning we never asked him to take a service but what he nodded his head in his characteristic way and said, 'Very well.' On the other hand if we asked him to give up a service he would give the same characteristic nod and say, 'Very well.' I counted it a great privilege to have known him. I am a better

man to-day because I have been with him. Since the Lord called him home there has been a cry in my heart day and night that God will help us to be as faithful to God as he has been for the work's sake and for His sake."

The service closed with the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." The remains were then taken to Tyrone, Pa., where a service was held on Saturday, where the funeral service and interment took place.

The funeral services were held in Tyrone, Saturday afternoon at 2 P.M.

After a song from the choir Dr. Stein, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, read Exodus v. The Rev. Mr. Gunter, of the Presbyterian Church, followed by prayer.

Rev. E. D. Whiteside, of Pittsburg, then spoke, using for his text the last clause of I. Chronicles iv. 23, "There they dwelt with the king for his work."

First, he spoke of the dignity of the work for the King. For what purpose are we here? Why are we in Tyrone? Not to honor man, but to honor the King. We want to honor Him by our lives and by our testi-

mony, witnessing to the world the greatness of our King, and to the fact that He is soon to return.

Second, fellowship with the King in His business. The King has called us to co-operate with Him in the great work of evangelizing the world and to witness to the healing power of God. The Holy Spirit has been sent to quicken us and to equip us for the great work of the King.

Third, the workman trained by the King Himself. The Holy Spirit is the great Teacher, and He sends us up and down the land as living witnesses. He said, "I have known our Brother Meminger for several years, having first met him in Tyrone, and our fellowship has been very precious, as he has been with us at various times in our conventions and meetings in Pittsburg." Mr. Whiteside then spoke of his striking personality, his unique methods, and his holy zeal, and of his untiring services and busy career of the later year: going across and up and down the continent as a flaming evangel in every direction, in the work of the King to whom he was so loyal. He also spoke of Mr. Meminger's last hours in New York City at the street meeting, and very tender-

ly rehearsed the manner in which he laid down his life so suddenly at the feet of Jesus, and also made mention of the salvation of the man in the very spot where Mr. Meminger had fallen, as a response of the Holy Spirit to the last pregnant cry of our brother's lips, "My heart is breaking for souls," uttered just before he fell to the ground.

A strong personal appeal was given to all present in closing, and Mr. Whiteside was followed by Mr. George L. Glunt, also of Pittsburg, who said in part:

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Victory in life and victory in death. Sudden death bringing sudden glory.

"The occasion which brings us here at this time would plunge us into the deepest gloom and despair if it were not for the fact of the glorious hope of the resurrection from the dead and eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Blessed (happy) are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their work do follow them.

"I thank God for the lives of such men as our departed Brother Meminger. He was one of my good friends, and my home in Pittsburg was one of the many homes which the Lord gave to him.

"On a recent visit, after coming in tired from a long trip, and having discussed various phases of the Lord's work, we knelt in prayer and this was a time long to be remembered, and we have frequently spoken of it as a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Brother Meminger, as he prayed, laughed and wept, and the glory of the Lord filled the room, and His presence was never more real than at that midnight hour.

"He gave me priceless advice concerning the work, and things pertaining to the kingdom. God has since called me to be an evangelist and we cannot tell how much has been due to Brother Meminger's prayer and brotherly counsel.

"I somehow associate his last message to the great crowd of workingmen in New York City, with the great message of our Lord Jesus that day at Capernaum, when He addressed the great crowd of poor, sick, blind and lame, crying to them in their mis-

ery, sin and discouragements: 'Come unto Me.'

"Brother Meminger went through the States in churches and tents and on the streets of the cities, calling men to 'flee from the wrath to come.'

"His life has been a great inspiration to me; and were I to choose my departure from this world I could not desire anything more grand than to leave as he did.

"What lesson are we to learn from the circumstances which surround us to-day? May God by His Spirit speak to all of our hearts regardless of our place or position in the world, and may there come a great future out of this providence. May the unsaved hear the voice of Jesus, saying, 'Come unto Me.'

"May the business man arise from the spirit of materialism to a place of victory, and may those who sorrow find a closer fellowship with the Comforter who can be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless."

After the choir sang "Some Day We'll Understand," the service closed by prayer from the former pastor, Rev. Mr. Warren.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIBUTES.

WE have received a volume of testimonies to the life and character of our brother, many of great length. We feel it would seem like gilding the refined gold to add words of eulogy to the picture which has already spoken for itself in the preceding pages. We cannot refrain, however, from extracting a few lines from this multitude of tributes which we feel would unduly exceed the size of the volume. Among others Rev. J. D. Williams, Secretary of the Board of the Christian and Missionary Alliance writes:

"It was the privilege of the writer to know Brother Meminger for about fourteen years, and during all that time he spent his life unselfishly in active service for the Master. How often his voice has been heard in Conventions of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and in other religious gatherings and scores of souls have been saved and filled with the Spirit under his faithful preaching and teaching. He was one of God's true Ministers who fearlessly declared the truth without partiality,



MRS. WILBUR F. MEMINGER.

and in the fear of the Lord. He was aggressive in spirit, always pressing onward to higher ground."

Rev. H. L. Stevens, superintendent of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Canada, writes:

"The shock to my heart when the news of dear Brother Meminger's home going reached me was only relieved by the assurance that sudden death to him meant sudden glory.

"I can't forget our trip together through the great Northwest a little over two years ago.

"Throughout all that long journey the thing that impressed me most was not only his faithfulness in prayer and preaching of the Word, but especially the beautiful spirit of willingness and humility, in ministering to the smallest companies of people as well as the larger audiences, and the earnest way in which he entered into every service. Not once did I hear him complain.

"The last time we were together was at the Summer Convention in Toronto in 1909 and my last view of him is indelibly impressed on my memory as he poured out his soul to God for the people in his closing prayer while the tears rained down his face. We little thought that we should not see him again."

Rev. George P. Pardington, Ph.D., of the Nyack Institute, writes:

"In personal appearance he united strength, gracefulness and attractiveness. He had a winsome smile and a real charm of manner.

"As a preacher and platform speaker Mr. Meminger was unique. Both in material and in delivery his sermons and addresses were peculiar to himself. His object was the salvation of the sinners and the edification of believers—in a word, getting men and women to the point of moral decision. To him this need was greater than any mission. His illustrations were often homely but always telling.

"In his interests and sympathies Mr. Meminger was democratic, his hand clasp was hearty, his smile winsome and his greeting cheery. There was, in fact, the ring of sincerity about the whole man."

Rev. A. E. Funk, Secretary of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, was abroad at the time of Mr. Meminger's departure, and he writes:

"Dear Mrs. Meminger:—

"The sad news of Brother Meminger's sudden departure which reached me at Port Said, Egypt, on my missionary journey was a great

shock and had a very solemnizing effect on my spirit. I felt as if another pillar of the Alliance had been taken and it would be difficult to find one like him to put into the vacant place. I felt a loving and praying friend had been taken from my side. He always manifested a deep interest in the missionaries and he loved them all. His abundant prayers for them were always intense and full of faith. He was a lover of the truth, a defender of the Word and the Faith 'once for all delivered to the saints.' A true preacher of the true Gospel, a lover of souls and a strenuous worker in God's vineyard. He will ever remain dear in the memory of those who knew him. His works do follow him. Blessed is he with the Lord and at His glorious appearing he will appear with Him in glory. God be with you in comfort and upholding."

A. E. FUNK.

"It was given to me to accompany from time to time prominent Alliance leaders and workers, as also returned missionaries, on the Pacific Coast section of their tours. It was thus that I came in contact with them personally and under peculiar opportunity of observation such as served to reveal their real char-

acteristics. I had much of this opportunity to see the real off-guard man Meminger. I may say emphatically that I never knew a man to wear better than Brother Meminger. He never was off guard, for he never was on guard, *i. e.* in any studied, artificial, occasional sense. Yet in the true Scriptural sense he was always on guard. Under all the varying circumstances of itinerant work I never knew any 'shadow of turning' in him. He never turned tourist, but was as one sent on a business which knew no intermission. He was 'instant in season, out of season.' He seemed to maintain consciously the presence and communion of Jesus. The Saviour seemed incessantly precious and dear to him. While free from all eagerness and feverishness, yet he was instantly and fully ready for the word or deed needed, whether in public or in private. He was the perfect gentleman at all times, toward all classes, in his disposition and demeanor, and even in his dress.

"He never had a complaint or fault to find. He never was guilty of back-biting or reflections upon others. He was inexhaustibly charitable. He saw so much to enjoy and commend in others, in individuals, in companies, in the meetings.

"He never wearied of well-doing and never let any know that he experienced weariness in his labors, although he must have often been greatly worn. He never evaded an opportunity and he left one feeling that day by day every new step saw the duty of the previous step fully performed.

"The supreme test was when the news met him and his wife that their son Charles had met with instant death. This did not cause a halt, a murmur, or a weakness. It was an added power in praise prayer and preaching.

"Could he plead his favorite theme of salvation for all the family, how earnestly and effectively he labored to make family circles complete in the Lord Jesus! I doubt not, many a poor wanderer, many a child, many a young man or woman, many a parent, many a husband or wife, yea, many a whole family, will rise up in the everlasting kingdom to crown Mr. Meminger with grateful acknowledgements. And the Lord Jesus will say, 'Well done, Thou good and faithful servant.' "

"W. C. STEVENS,"
"Principal Missionary Institute,
Nyack, N. Y."

"Mr. Meminger was an inspiration to me,

in his life and unselfish ministry to others. In his teaching on divine healing he was most helpful. We often worked together in the convention after meetings, at Nyack and Old Orchard, and I always felt that he was a man of God and greatly beloved by the people. Our dear brother had his own quaint, original and forcible way of presenting the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit, which I believe bore much fruit in the lives of others."

"MISS LINDENBERGER."

"My dear Friend:—

"In reply to yours of March 30th, it affords me a sad pleasure to write a word or two in memory of our dear brother Meminger, who has been called to be with his Lord.

"I knew him for years, and saw him in the work he loved so dearly in Boston, New York, Chicago, and other places. It was in this city, however, that we more frequently met, and where for a while he led a class-meeting on Saturday mornings in the Moody Church, and conducted the gatherings of the Christian Alliance in Willard Hall.

"His Christianity was of the joyously energetic type of our Methodist brethren, and under his leadership a meeting could not go to

sleep. He was an evangelist to the tips of his fingers, and knew how to get people "started" as they say, about as well as any one I recall in comparison with him.

"He was particularly earnest in public prayer, and seemed to know God as his Father through Jesus Christ as Christians generally do not.

"His cheery manner, and smiling face and hopeful utterances were a great benediction where he went, and for which all who remember him have cause for sincerest gratitude and praise.

"With cordial and sympathetic remembrances, I am

"Faithfully yours,
"JAMES M. GRAY."

"We are glad to be permitted to contribute a few words of testimony to our beloved friend and brother, Rev. W. F. Meminger.

"We praise God, that during our recent furlough in America we had the inestimable privilege of attending several conventions in company with him, and also remember with much pleasure the happy hours we spent in religious and social communication as we travelled from place to place.

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"He was indeed a blessing to us, and the missionaries had no better friend in the home-land than our dear brother. How we enjoyed his fervent messages, so full of the Gospel, interspersed now and then with a loud singing hallelujah which would cause one's faith to mount up several degrees higher. If the messages of the "Little Man from Chicago," as he loved to call himself, were fervent, much more were his prayers. Many times at an altar service when others seemed to have prayed out, he would pour out his soul in such unction that all would be blessed.

"His desire for souls and extension of the Kingdom of God is well summed up in a phrase which he was fond of using, viz.: 'A keener blade and a wider swath in the harvest field.' Thank God for such a life as that of Bro. Meminger, and may we all who are still in the whitened fields follow him as he followed Christ."

"MR. & MRS. WILMOTH A. FARMER,
Fin Cheo Fu, Kwang Si, South China."

"Some years ago it was my privilege to move to the Pacific Northwest, and locate in Everett, Washington. It was my desire for some time to have our dear Brother and Sis-

ter Meminger visit our district, and especially our city. This privilege was granted and last April he and his beloved wife came and held conventions along the Coast and were with us both here and at Mukilteo. At that time we were starting the new Tabernacle and the cornerstone was laid by our brother.

"On the Sunday afternoon we all marched up the street to the lot singing,

'We're marching to Zion,'

and after prayer and song and a few appropriate remarks, the stone was put in place by our Brother's hands."

"MRS. A. C. YORK."

"Dear Sister Meminger:—

"It is with pleasure that I pause to write a few words of appreciation for your book; and as I do so, loving memories of my past associations with our dear Brother Meminger come vividly and pleasantly to me.

"Our first acquaintance was at a convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, held in the Moody Church in Chicago. I was chairman of the local board, hence it devolved upon me to introduce him, not only to the convention, but to the local members of the Alliance that he had come to serve, which brought me

into a close, and intimate relationship with him from the start, while his genial, pleasant, and agreeable manner won his way into the hearts of all.

"As a Christian minister he was successful; His evident close and intimate relationship with the Holy Spirit gave him unusual power in prayer. While praying for those seeking salvation, or for the sick, he reached the throne by a well trodden path, and God loved to answer his prayer of faith.

"Brother Meminger was always considerate, kind and pleasant. I never knew him to engage in gossip or talk that would reflect unkindly on anybody. He was always a welcome guest at my home, appreciated both by myself and my wife, who is now in glory with him.

"I loved him as a brother, and indeed he was a dear brother in Christ.

"He was an honest, true and faithful friend, a conscientious, noble living example as a Christian, in the truest sense.

"R. H. TRUMBULL."

"People talk of two kinds of Christians, viz., long-faced and round-faced ones, Mr. Meminger belonged to the latter. He was

always bubbling over with the joy of the Lord.

"All who have read his spicy reports in the Alliance paper will remember how God's side, the bright side, the shining side was brought out. Although the cares of many, and the trials of the different branches were poured into his ears, he always had the right word of comfort, and with those in trouble called upon Him who alone knows all about our struggles.

"He was too young at the time of the civil war to enlist, but he had a military turn of mind.

"His writings and messages were alive with the truth, that the Captain of his salvation never lost a battle.

"Oh that more of us would lift up, and look up knowing that He is our victor, and conquering One!" "REV. J. C. BAKER."

"It gives me great pleasure to add my little quota to the words of love and tenderness concerning our dear departed friend and brother, the Rev. Wilbur F. Meminger. While pastor in Chicago I knew him well and appreciated him. On several occasions I had him in my pulpit and he conducted one series of special meetings for me. He was often in

my home, and his bright and cheerful presence was always refreshing.

"First. And now, first of all, let me say that Mr. Meminger was a *gentleman*. Whatever else he may have been, *he was a gentleman*.

"Second. *He was a Christian*.

"He loved his Lord and he was whole-hearted in it. To him the wonder was that *everybody* did not seek to be a *Christian*. And his one *consuming passion* was that of *making Christians*.

"Third. He knew the art—fine art—divine art of *prayer*. Once having heard him pray you could never forget it. He prayed as one who knew God. He *expected answers* from heaven and he received them.

"Fourth. *He loved the lost*. He was once himself lost and he never forgot the horrors of it. He looked upon lost men as more or less given over to the service of the evil one, and it was easy for him to see what invaluable service they might be rendering the Lord Jesus if only they were truly saved.

"Fifth. He was ready to meet his Lord.

"'Happy the man that so orders his life, and so lives, that God can thus instantly speak

the word only, and summon his servant with perfect safety into His holy presence!"

"REV. MILTON M. BALES, D.D."

"To say that our beloved brother has died, or that he has fallen asleep, does not fitly describe the manner of his departure. He was taken from us: Less to corporal change, nothing could have been more rapid or nearer to translation, when in a twinkling of an eye we shall be changed. We feel drawn nearer to his bereaved wife in her present sorrow by reason of the fiery trial and overwhelming affliction through which they were passing on their first visit, and our first acquaintance with them at Riverside, California.

"It was then that faith and fortitude shone forth in the crucible of their sorrow and impressed indelibly on our hearts that there were *two* who indeed *knew their God*.

"Who could have discerned under the calm exterior of this Field-marshal of the Lord and the Alliance, for the first time before our small unemotional company that then formed the Riverside Branch Meeting that afternoon in the First Baptist Church, that there beat a heart bowed down with the weight of sorrow and torn by the news of a great and sudden ca-

lamity, which had overtaken them while in the North of the State by a brief, cruel telegraphic sentence, announcing the disaster and death of their sturdy, promising youngest son, cut off in the bud of his manhood while railroading on one of the transcontinental lines.

"What a testimony! These two noble servants of God! He, with an indomitable energy and unquenchable zeal; she, with her intense love and desire to serve, had together braved some perilous travel amidst the mid-winter storms of the Rockies;—he, with his dynamic utterances and startling climaxes; she, with her modest book counter, recommending the Gospel in word and writ.

"Heaven will have chronicled the heroism of that day, when for the first time since the staggering blow, their forwarded mail brought the heart-breaking details. They read and wept together. But they stood before that waiting company, unconscious of the facts with the glow of Heaven's grace upon His face and the dominant note of victory in his message.

"He related how they had been snowbound, suffering by reason of long delays and narrow and thrilling escapes from accidents. But like one marching in the ranks of an advancing

host they had passed through, and amidst cloud and smoke of a terrific and almost mortal combat appeared that beautiful afternoon and night in fragrant Riverside, the orange garden of California, lifting the standard on high in their testimony of praise to supernatural victory and the reality of a full Gospel, revealed indeed on Calvary's shadow and resurrection triumph, especially as the experience of our dear Brother and Sister became fully apprehended.

"His personality and ministry suggested the sure combination of Elijah and Elisha, an evangelist of the Gospel of Grace, but an uncompromising prophet of judgment, whose presence and message seem to be consonant with the fire, the whirlwind, the earthquake and the cataclysms that herald the Lord's coming and the knell of dawn. In the light of his life and ministry, the world of his thought and the strenuousness of his labors, this sudden call is a consistent and glorious departure.

"GERARD A. BAILLEY."

"We had the privilege of Brother and Sister Meminger's presence in our home in West Pittston, Pa., for a week. Here we enjoyed the sweet fellowship and beauty of their lives.

We caught a glimpse of the self-sacrifice of these two dear ones. They had just returned from a campaign in Western Canada, Calgary and Winnipeg, fraught with much suffering, being blockaded by snow for a few days. But in spite of all the privations and hardships consequent with the life of an evangelist, he kept pressing on. This was the prominent and predominant spirit in Brother Meminger, to spend and be spent for the Master.

"We can only say, 'How have the mighty fallen!' We had begun in speculation to count the days until Mother and Father Meminger would be with us, when one day the news was brought to us that he had gone to his reward. Sister Stone and I were just sitting down to our dinner. Needless to say that the meal remained untouched. We bowed our heads and wept and wept in the agony of our spirits as we realized our loss, and then the Holy Spirit reminded us of one who was suffering far keener than we were or could, and then we bowed in prayer for her who was left.

"Such unselfishness and complete abandonment of selfish desires and motives could not but inspire the hearts of his hearers, and could only bring down the blessing and benediction of Almighty God upon himself. Like the

ripened wheat bending its head and waiting for the scythe, so this humble head was bowed and went home in the very manner he wished,—dying in active service, like the brave soldier he was."

"O. J. STONE."

"At a special meeting of the pastors and officers of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York City, on Tuesday, October 19, 1909, the following resolution was unanimously and sympathetically passed:

"We, the pastors and officers of the Gospel Tabernacle Church, do place on record our most hearty and appreciative recognition of the life and labor of our beloved brother,

W. F. MEMINGER,

who fell asleep in Jesus, suddenly, on Wednesday, October 6th, 1909. We praise God for the unswerving faith, the ardent love, the concentrated zeal, the consecrated life, the singleness of purpose, the evangelical fervor, the love of men, the regard for God's truth, and the aim at God's glory, which ever characterized our friend. He sleeps, but the aroma of his unique and useful life will influence all who knew him for many a day.

"We most affectionately commend to the God of all comfort, our sister, Mrs. Meminger, and pray that she may be cheered by the remembrance that her loved one is with Christ; that Christ is with her, and that when the shadows have fled away and

the morning of Christ's glad return is here she will then see her absent one again."

Signed on behalf of the meeting.

A. B. SIMPSON, Senior Pastor.

F. E. MARSH, Acting Pastor.

GEO. H. A. MCCLARE, Church Clerk.

The following Resolution was passed by the Board of the Christian and Missionary Alliance:

"In the circumstances of the departure on October 6th, of our deeply loved and highly honored brother, Wilbur F. Meminger, we recognize signally the adorable pleasure of our all-wise and gracious Lord. In the prime of life, in unquestioned health, with his best service just finished, and immediately after pouring out his very heart blood in appeal to the throng upon one of New York's highways, he was caught up as suddenly as Elijah, and no one had opportunity to hinder heaven's behest by one word of entreaty that our brother be spared to us longer. It would be very rash to lament and to deplore this event, even our own seeming irreparable loss cannot have been overlooked by the Lord of the harvest. Seldom are God's children invited so persuasively to 'sorrow not.'

"While our brother was most unaffected yet he presented strong characteristics. While unconsciously modest, he was never abashed or hesitating. He never required consideration, but was at rest under any conditions. He seemed always in perfect readiness, yet with no uneasy eagerness. His

repose was complete, his action all alive. He knew how to be silent, and he opened his mouth only with profitable utterance. Without mannerism, his manners were charming.

"The real secret of his life as we knew him, was, that he was in Christ and Christ in him. Truly Christ Jesus was his passion, his all. Hence, whatever he did, he did with his might, with love unto Christ.

"In every relation, capacity or effort, he was undivided, it was, 'as much as in me is.' In preaching, he was every fiber a preacher. In private, he was just as much about his Master's business seeking souls. As husband, he loved his wife even as Christ loves the Church, even as his own body. As father, friend, counsellor, in business or in the closet, by day or by night, in season, out of season, the motive was, 'Jesus Only,' the action was 'All for Jesus.' He counted not himself his own, but the Lord's and anybody's, anything, by the will of the Lord. Like his outward attire, he was always in perfect trim. His readiness was instant, his departure was instant, his Glory was instant. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

"In expressible sympathy we sorrow with the devoted wife in her widowhood. We venture to claim some share in her love and honor for the departed one. But above all, we rejoice in the marvelous grace which enables her to offer her widowhood as her choicest vessel to the praise and glory

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of God, and as her highest gift of usefulness to
other in Jesus' name."

"Committee:

W.M. C. STEVENS,
DAVID CREAR,
A. B. SIMPSON,
F. H. SENFT."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WILBUR MEMINGER'S TRAITS.

AS an illustration of some of the peculiarities, originalities and traits referred to in the above letters we add a few of the announcements which Mr. Meminger sometimes used to attract the people to his service. These notices speak for themselves.

AKRON, OHIO

MANY MORE SINNERS WANTED

AT 221 EAST EXCHANGE ST.,

This Evening 7.30; Sunday, 10.30 and 7 P.M.

Many sinners came to the meetings last Sunday, and many more are wanted to-night and to-morrow to come to hear about Jesus.

ALL KINDS OF SINNERS ARE
WELCOME.

Democrat sinners; Aristocratic sinners; Prohibition sinners and Republican sinners; Official sinners and Private sinners; Lawyer sinners and Doctor sinners; Editor sinners and Reporter sinners; Traveling Men sinners; Hotel Keeper sinners and Saloon Keeper sinners; Drunken sinners and Sober sinners; Catholic sinners and Protestant sinners; Christian Alliance sinners and Evangelical Alliance sin-

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ners; Universalist sinners and Specialist sinners; Infidel sinners; High-toned sinners and No-account sinners; Secret society sinners and Open society sinners; White necktied sinners and Hickory shirt sinners; Grocers, who use light weights, Dry-Goods merchants, who use short yard sticks, and make their clerks lie for their benefit, God especially invites, for "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord."

HYPOCRITES WELCOME.

Also all kinds of Hypocrites, without regard to denominational affiliation are welcome. The Lord says, "Woe unto you, hypocrites," but He did not reject you.

God wants us to be impartial. If any sinner has been omitted, hand in your name and we will invite you next time we go to press.

"Come now, and let us reason together," saith the Lord, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red as crimson, they shall be like wool."

God has sent W. F. Meminger, from Chicago, to tell you about Jesus. He knows Him well.

P.S. God is not paying for these Ads. with the proceeds of ping-pong socials, or rummage

sales, or fish fries, neither does he beg for them at half-price.

(Advertisement of the Christian and Missionary Alliance of the Convention.)

He said, "Whosoever will may come," so you come to-night and to-morrow. We especially invite newspaper men and printers who don't know Jesus as their Saviour. The "Printer's devil" is the only kind of a devil that can ever get saved. Also the Preachers who don't know Jesus, and the Priests, especially the preacher in this City who said he found it hard to love Jesus sometimes. When you get to know Jesus it is easy to love Him. It is hard to love somebody you don't know. If anybody wants to know Jesus we will be pleased to give him an introduction to Him to-night and to-morrow.

**THE MAN JESUS CHRIST IS THE
MOST MANLY AND LOVABLE
OF MEN.**

WHERE YOU CAN FIND JESUS.

You don't find Jesus at necktie socials and church bazaars. Neither does Jesus attend rummage sales. The Master whom we serve does not wear second-hand clothes, nor does he want his church to deal in them. Our God

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supplies all our needs. God does not want money, our God has plenty. The silver and the gold are his. It will cost you nothing to come to hear about Jesus. It will cost you nothing to get out, and to get to know Jesus will only cost you your sins. If you are not a sinner but already know Jesus, we would ask you to read our Ad. in to-night's Beacon-Journal, "Fishermen Wanted," God needs Fishermen as well as sinners.

THE INVITATION TO ALL.

The sick and afflicted and the maimed and the halt are especially invited to this hall, to forsake their sins, and have God's people pray for their healing, in body as well as soul, for Jesus came to heal our bodies. The poor and the downtrodden, and the oppressed, and those who have no friends, and the strangers in the city are especially invited to our Father's house.

FISHERMEN WANTED.

AT 221 EAST EXCHANGE STREET

To-night at 7.30, Sunday 10.30 A.M. & 7. P.M.

Don't mistake the number, you may get into the wrong door. There's a saloon on one side and a fishmarket on the other.

You are not needed to catch fish; you are needed to catch men, for Jesus said, "I will make you fishers of men." God wants Gospel fishermen. God's people invite them, herein, to come and help pull the Gospel net. God fishes with a net.

He does not use white-bait. You cannot catch him with ice-cream.

Our God is a consuming fire, so He cannot have any ice cream freezer attachments in his business.

Many sinners came to this hall last Sunday. Many more will come to-night and to-morrow. If you are saved and know how to point men to Jesus Christ, we respectfully ask you to help pull the Gospel Net ashore.

By the Grace of God we are trying to throw the net on the right side of the ship.

God does not bait the fish with roast chicken. He wants men to fish for men and leave the dressing of the fish to him.

Jesus twice drove live doves out of the temple. God does not like dead squabs in a pie any better than in His house to-day. God's only bait is the matchless name and matchless person of Jesus Christ.

He said, "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me."

GOD SAVES AND HEALS.

We know that God has saved us and healed our bodies, and that Jesus Christ is coming again. Every man and woman in Akron who believes this, and is sick at playing at serving God, is earnestly and prayerfully invited to help get men and women to know Jesus. If you connot come pray for God's blessing upon His work. Pray that He may thrust forth laborers into the harvest.

No collections will be taken, nor any one asked for money. As free as the waters are to the fish, so free is this hall to rich and poor, sinners and saints, for God supplies all our needs according to His riches in Glory by Jesus Christ.

If you are not a Gospel Fisherman, but an uncaught fish, you are invited to read the very interesting Ad. in the Akron Democrat, entitled: "MORE SINNERS WANTED." It is applicable to your case.

And Jesus said unto Simon: "Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch fish. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed Him."

An old Fisherman, W. F. Meminger, of Chicago, will help pull the net.

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